

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 915—VOL. XXXVI.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1873.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

WASHINGTON.

THE Senate adjourned *sine die* on the 26th of March. During its extra session—outside of its disgraceful conduct—it provided for the meeting of several of the important committees of that body during the recess. The most important of these committees will relate to Internal Improvements and Transportation, which will sit during the recess to make investigations, particularly on the subject of the exclusion of the postal cars from several of the leading railroad routes of the country, and report at the next session. This investigation is of great importance, as opening up the whole question of the duties and obligations of all companies and individuals engaged in the business of transportation throughout the country. The people must be relieved of the burdens, through proper legislation, now imposed by transportation companies.

The Committee on Privileges and Elections will sit during the recess for the purpose of inquiring into the best and most practical method of electing the President and Vice-President. If any change is made, it can only be done by amending the Constitution, which will require a two-thirds vote of each House, and the ratification by a majority of the State Legislatures.

Another Senate Committee, which will be allowed to sit during the recess, is that on the Levees of the Mississippi River. This great work is one which has the active sympathy of the entire Southern people, and has frequently been before Congress for heavy appropriations. Within a few years army engineers have examined the work. The amount estimated to place the levees in suitable repair is \$36,000,000. The facts already before Congress show the levees to be in a wretched condition.



ANTONIO ZAMBRANA, THE CUBAN PATRIOT.

The Committee on the Revision of the Laws will also sit during the recess. The work requiring the attention of this Committee is of the most necessary character. For several years past a Commission for the Revision of the Laws of the United States has been in session in Washington. The Statutes have been arranged, classified and revised to such an extent, that they will not require more than a tenth of the space now occupied by them in the law-books. The Committee will supervise this work, preparatory to reporting in favor of the re-enactment of the codification.

Such is a portion of the work laid out for the next Congress by the extra session of the Senate. It is all important and practical.

The most gratifying act of this late extra session was the incident of the filling of the Vice-President's chair, temporarily (at the request of the Vice-President, of course), by General John B. Gordon, of Virginia. General Gordon is from Georgia. It was he who led a strong column of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, in the memorable assault on Fort Steadman, a salient point in the Federal line, which then half encircled the city of Petersburg. This recognition of Georgia by Massachusetts is an important step in that solid reconstruction of the Union which might long ago have been consummated by the use of exactly such kind means as this pleasing incident illustrates.

SENATORS ON TRIAL.

SENATOR CALDWELL has resigned in the nick of time. To avoid political hanging by the Senate, he perpetrated political suicide. Senator Caldwell was a novice—this is conceded on all hands. He wanted votes, and he went into the State House and bought them. He bought off his principal



CUBA.—ESCAPE OF ANTONIO ZAMBRANA FROM THE ISLAND IN AN OPEN BOAT.—SEE PAGE 73.

competitor for so much cash. He paid, in his electioneering, all the way up from one thousand to twenty thousand dollars—including votes and amounts coerced by the declinations of rivals—in his purchases. His market was an open one. He had no concealments. Telling tales out of school in this fashion was quite too much for such "decent" Senators as Messrs. Caldwell and Morton, who prefer the "rough, tough and devilish sly" ways of Mr. Jo Bagstock. As compared with Subsidy Whitewashed Pomeroy, however, Mr. Caldwell is quite an ingenious youth. It is a pity that he cheated the Senate Virgins out of an opportunity to make a scapegoat of him—the virtuous Senate, which refused to expel Patterson, and which was stone-blind to all the Crédit Mobilier iniquity.

Then there is Senator Clayton, of Arkansas, who played the Caldwell rôle over again. The majority of the Senatorial Committee report whitewashing him.

This servility of the Senate is connected, evidently, with the Executive prejudices. From the beginning, General Grant has thrown his shield about Clayton. The foreigner who looks at our American Senate in these latter days might well agree with the German who traveled through Ireland, and whose constant comment was, "Mein Gott, vot a gundry!"

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1873.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - - 2.00
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ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Mr. S. B. Landon will please accept our thanks for his communication, which would have been recognized at an earlier date, but we did not have his address.

A NEEDED REFORM IN CRIMINAL LAW.

THE recent conviction and sentence, within five days, of young street brigands, although a salutary example in itself, assuring the public that speedy justice is possible, even in New York, is after all but an exceptional case; and under our present system the public cannot feel by any means sure that offenses of a similar character will always meet with such prompt punishment.

The reason for this is obvious. In a city of a million of inhabitants, with a single Prison, packed beyond toleration; with two, and at the utmost three, Criminal Courts in session for the trial of the higher degrees of crime, it is unreasonable to expect that even the cases where the criminal is actually in prison can be tried so rapidly as to relieve the Tombs to such extent as to afford each prisoner a separate cell. This state of things renders it almost impossible for the District Attorney to bring to trial those offenders whose position or influence has enabled them to secure liberation on bail.

More Courts are urgently needed to dispose of the immense number of criminal cases, above the grade of misdemeanor, which daily occur; and where the delay involved by the present system leads the community to believe that such offenses are not punished at all.

The Constitution provides that inferior local Courts, of civil or criminal jurisdiction, may be established by law in cities. And we earnestly appeal to the Legislature, at the present session, to provide for a sufficient number of Courts, in different parts of the city, that such speedy convictions as those above mentioned shall be the rule, and not the exception. This reform, of course, will necessitate the erection of suitable buildings for the purpose indicated. And considering the tendency of our population to the upper end of the island, the location of such buildings should be central, and at present not south of Twenty-third Street.

Appropos of this subject, we are glad to see a Bill introduced in the Assembly, providing for the location and erection of a new Prison for this city, in place of the Tombs, which it proposes to sell. The Mayor, Comptroller and President of the Board of Aldermen are named as a Commission to carry out the provisions of the Bill, while three Commissioners of Appraisal are to be appointed by the Supreme Court to appraise the value of the site. The new Prison is to be made large enough to accommodate the Court of General Sessions, the Court and Chambers of the City Judge, and one of the Police Courts.

This is a Bill which ought to pass. That the Tombs is a monumental infamy in stone and mortar, no one who has seen it can deny. That it has stood so long is a disgrace to New York, which cannot be too soon wiped out by its removal. Its site is unwholesome, and ought

to be abandoned. Another should be selected, in a healthier locality.

The Committee raised to consider the condition of the Tombs have reported, since the above was in type, the following resolution, which is attached to the report of the Act introduced into the Assembly by Mr. Blackie to provide for the erection of a new Prison, viz.:

"Resolved, That this Common Council does hereby approve of the provisions of the Act entitled, 'An Act to provide for the location and erection of a new City Prison and place for holding certain courts in the city of New York,' and respectfully request its passage into a law by the State Legislature; and also respectfully request the representatives of this city in the Senate and Assembly of the State to use every honorable means to secure the passage of the said bill."

THE PEOPLE & CORPORATIONS.

AS we predicted months ago, the People are rising against Corporations. Especially notable in this regard is the unanimous vote in the State Senate of Illinois in favor of a sweeping enactment, which provides that if any railroad shall charge or demand an extortionate rate of compensation for the transportation of any freight, or make any unjust discrimination in its rates, the railroad company so offending shall, for the first offense, be fined \$5,000; for the second offense, \$10,000; for the third offense, \$20,000; until, after the fourth offense, the penalty reaches the sum of \$100,000. It also gives to the person of whom such unjust rates are demanded a right of action for \$1,000.

The provisions for executing the Act are as rigid as they are practical. It is made *prima facie* evidence of the offenses named in the Bill to demand or receive different rates for handling or delivering goods at different points on the same or connecting roads; or to demand or receive a greater amount for such transportation than is charged for like transportation of the same class of goods over an equal distance on the same road; or to demand or receive any other than a fair and reasonable rate. It is made the duty of the Railroad Commissioners, upon complaint of any citizen, or upon notice from any legal officer, of the violation of the Act, to immediately institute prosecution therefor in the county where such violation took place, and to employ competent counsel to prosecute the same on behalf of the State. This Act is to take effect immediately upon the passage of the Bill.

The question as to what are exorbitant rates is to be determined by the Courts and Juries, upon the circumstances of each case. If we may judge by recent demonstrations of popular sentiment in Illinois, the railroad companies will have a hard time of it when this Bill becomes a law.

It is now pretty evident that the People are in earnest about Rings, Monopolies and Land Pirates. Virginia has led the way, in penal enactments, against Legislative Lobbying, and we hope that her example may be wisely followed. The reaction against Special Legislation and chartered rogues cannot well be too strong. The flagrant robberies committed on Erie, and the Pacific, and the defiant conduct of the Illinois Central Railroad; the fight in New Jersey—which almost looked like civil war—are among the few hopeful signs of the times.

It is a source of pride to us that we were among the pioneers—with pen and pencil—in behalf of the people, in this war against corrupt monopolies. We fully concede the use of corporations. We have no leveling theories against credit and associated wealth. But when these combinations threaten the Government itself, and defy the people, we deem it high time to strike a blow at their arrogance and despotism.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, MADMAN AND ELEPHANT.

IT seems that George Francis Train has been declared a madman, and that he is to be sent to a madhouse.

This remarkable man ought not to pass away from civilization without suitable recognition. Personally, there is no "nicer fellow," as the phrase goes, than is Mr. Train. Social, polished, humane, active, shrewd, enterprising; "full as an egg of meat" of ideas wide and comprehensive; centrifugal and centripetal in his organization—at once an earthquake, a storm, a rainbow and a lifeboat; the father of all sorts of schemes in railways, "Crédit Mobiliers," and the like; a poet and lecturer; a devotee; a politician; a journalist; a Presidential candidate; the hero of the Communists; the daring spirit of the Internationale; soaring for ever and ever, on wax wings, in a tempest of his own creating—the foe of tyrants, and of priests, and of sectarian creeds; the friend of the people; the hero of dungeons, eis- and trans-Atlantic; the Daniel who boldly enters the den of the British Lion, with a sprig of shamrock as a magic talisman in his martyr hand; the Horatii and Curatii (both in one) who fought the latter end of the Prussian and French war on "his own hook," running amuck between the hostile lines, reckless of blood and treasure, and finally subsiding only at the base of the fallen Column Vendôme; a modern Crusader, who flies, in complete mail, hither and yonder, with almost the speed of thought, heralding his approach, noting his departure, by squibs, telegrams and epigrams, all instinct with a revolutionary magnetism; a creation of world-wide notoriety—such, in part, is Mr. Train, who has

remained for months in the Tombs, resolutely refusing bail or even freedom on his own recognizance; who has been a voluntary martyr in "Murderers' Row," eating and drinking prison fare, shivering within cold and damp walls; the possessor of wealth enough to afford him Johannisberger and truffles, and as varied a menu as prince need covet, for his daily fare.

Whether mad or sane, this man presents to the world the embodiment of Radicalism of all sorts. There is point in all that he says and does; and there is great wisdom and forecast in many of his utterances. His intuitions early probed all lately discovered public rottenness. Statesmen and journalists will find themselves in Train's rear in most of the noted fruitions and developments of the present hour. He is no madder in his line than is Mr. Wendell Phillips in his specialty. Train has "cut under Phillips"—and that is the only difference in this respect between those two great men. Train is a Radical who outhit Phillips, and even the martyr Brown, whose soul still "marches on."

Mr. Train shoots his pebbles, David-like, at all sorts of giants. Mainly he is at war in behalf of workmen and the freedom of the Press. He would like to hang a few capitalists to the lamp-posts, and to burn the Christian religion—as interpreted by the priests—at the stake. Mr. Train would Communize Paris and New York. And yet he is by no means a Jack Cade agrarian. He loves law. He would uphold law. That is to say, the law as interpreted by Mr. Train.

Mr. Train is not entombed like the Prisoner of Chillon. He is not a Bonivard. He walked into the Tombs in Pickwickian fashion rather. He published extracts from the Old Testament, with such sensational headings as to bring himself within the law regulating obscene literature—i.e., in the opinion of the authorities. In effect, he pleaded guilty to this charge. But Mr. Train so molded his plea (which he framed in these words—"Guilty of publishing the Bible") as, in his opinion, to give him an opportunity to ask the verdict of a jury as to the fact of the obscenity of the Old Testament. Such an issue would have made Mr. Train a Religious Elephant. And that would have rounded the man's ambition. He had been a political elephant, a railroad elephant, a lecturing elephant, a Fenian elephant, a Communistic elephant, an Internationale elephant, an epigram elephant and a telegram elephant. Now, it would have been a "big thing," as poor Mr. Lincoln used to say, if Mr. Train could only have managed to become the centre of a religious excitement which would have convulsed the world on the issue—Is the Bible obscene?

Like Alexander the Great, and Napoleon, and Julius Caesar, and the Little Napoleon, and many others, Mr. Train went too far. We fear that his sun is setting. Personally, we part from him with regret. If he goes to the madhouse, he cannot remain there long. Mr. Train, if he preserves his health, will develop some phase of character yet hidden within the magic depths of his soul, which will some day demonstrate to mankind that it is the keepers and superintendents of madhouses, and not the crazy-celled inmates, who are lunatics. The madhouse, if Train goes there, will catch both a Tartar and an elephant.

A CANNIBAL JOURNAL.

THE Fiji Islanders have long been known as the bravest, handsomest, and, in some respects, the most intelligent of the Polynesians. In cooking, especially, they have been unrivaled. The Mourie of New Zealand, or the Kanaka of the Sandwich Islands, were formerly able to do moderately well in the preparation of such simple dishes as stewed or baked meat; but the Fijian was alone capable of managing the nicer matters of roasting or broiling. It is for this reason that the noble-minded missionary has so often exclaimed: "If I must be eaten, let it be by Fijian jaws; and let not the dull Kanaka put me to the vile uses of the stew-pan!"

It will not surprise those who are acquainted with the intelligence of the Fiji Islanders, to learn that they have recently established a newspaper, called the *Fiji Times*, and printed in the English language. It is really a creditable little sheet, and its conductors seem to have the interests of the Islands at heart. Its reports of markets will be read with interest and pleasure by those who are at a safe distance from the Islands; and the bigoted vegetarian will be pleased to find that "pickled shoulders" and "dry-salted sides" are scarce and dear. It could be wished that the *Fiji Times* took stronger ground, editorially, against the sale of still-fed meat, the unwholesomeness of which, if we may believe our popular temperance lecturers, was long ago recognized by all scientific Fijians. Still, circumstances alter cases; and, in the present scarcity of meat in the Fiji Islands, even half a drunken loafer may be regarded as better than no meat at all.

In a recent number of the *Fiji Times* is a leading article, which insists that the great want of the Islands is "an influx of immigration." There is much truth in this; but the writer should have discriminated between the immigration which is desirable and that which would be worthless. For example, an immigration consisting exclusively of old and tough persons, or of inveterate consumers of tobacco,

would entirely fail to remedy the scarcity which prevails in the meat market. The Fijians might better confine themselves wholly to beef and pork, than to injure their digestive organs by meddling with such diet. And, in point of fact, any influx of immigration to the Fiji Islands would necessarily consist of hardy and practically inedible pioneers. Tender young men and succulent children would not be found among the earlier immigrants. It is true that the second generation of these pioneers could be made exceedingly useful; but the *Fiji Times* is not proposing a plan for rendering meat cheap at the end of thirty years, but is seeking to remedy at once a present scarcity.

The editor, however, does not look forward with any confidence to the arrival of the immigration which he desires. He remarks, with much truth, that emigrants seek only those countries where "a sense of security" prevails, and he admits that this "sense of security" is felt to be wanting in the Fiji Islands. It is the old story of the spider and the fly. The Fijian may request the immigrant to step into his kitchen, but the immigrant declines to do anything of the sort. He may be very uncomfortable at home, but he knows far too much to pass from his native fire—so to speak—into the Fijian frying-pan. The Fijians are doubtless excellent people in their way—accomplished cooks, and skillful in the art of seasoning—but most men feel a certain delicacy in putting themselves in the hands of even the most estimable cannibals. The *Fiji Times* will find that immigration will never materially reduce the butchers'-bills of its subscribers. The rich may be able to occasionally indulge, as heretofore, in the luxury of a casual missionary; and the soup-kitchens of the poor, established by the liberality of humane Fijians, may now and then be supplied with a shipwrecked sailor or an escaped Coolie; but there is little prospect that the good old days, when every Fijian could command his steak on week-days and his roast on Sunday, will ever return.

FREDERICK GRANT.

GENERAL GRANT has promoted his son, a mere youth, from the rank of Second Lieutenant to that of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, through the subterfuge of an appointment as Military Secretary to the Lieutenant-General, under the Act of July 25th, 1866.

To achieve this promotion, George A. Forsyth, who holds the rank of present Military Secretary, is retired. This latter gentleman is a full Major in the 1st of the Army, and of great reputation for gallantry as a volunteer cavalry officer during the late war, and in connection with a noted Indian battle since the war.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* says:

"The Lieutenant-General has two other Lieutenant-Colonels on his personal staff—James W. Forsyth, Sheridan's Chief of Staff while in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and Michael V. Sheridan, brother of the Lieutenant-General. These aides-de-camp both hold lower commissions in the line to make them eligible for appointment as staff officers. The General of the Army is allowed six aides, all with the rank and pay of colonel, under the Act of 1866, and has that full number now on his staff, four of the six being purely ornaments. The senior is but a First Lieutenant in lineal rank, three others captains of cavalry, and the other two majors of the staff corps. As general officers have no employment for aides in time of peace, the maintenance of a large and costly staff at the seat of government is resented by active officers of the army as a reproach upon the economy of the service, which it lays open to the charge of extravagance and uselessness when the supply bills are up for discussion in Congress."

Young Grant goes to Chicago with General Sheridan as a full-grown Lieutenant-Colonel, overslaughing a veteran, having earned no promotion, because he has seen no active service. He was carried through West Point by Presidential power. He has traveled abroad at the public expense. Such favoritism as this is unprecedented in the history of our country.

THE HEGGI TRIAL.

ACQUITTED. Heggi is a free man. So much for Chemical Experts. Dr. Endmann, a most experienced chemist, [the official analyzer of the Board of Health, swore positively that the body of deceased was saturated with arsenic—contained enough of the deadly drug to kill six men. Dr. Marsh swore that the lining of the coffin in which Siegfried was buried showed strong traces of arsenic.

The case turned on the accuracy of the medical experts' testimony. No attempt seems to have been made to explain the circumstances which involved the defendant. The whole "doubt" seems to have been on the accuracy of the "expert." So we go, with assassins and doctors!

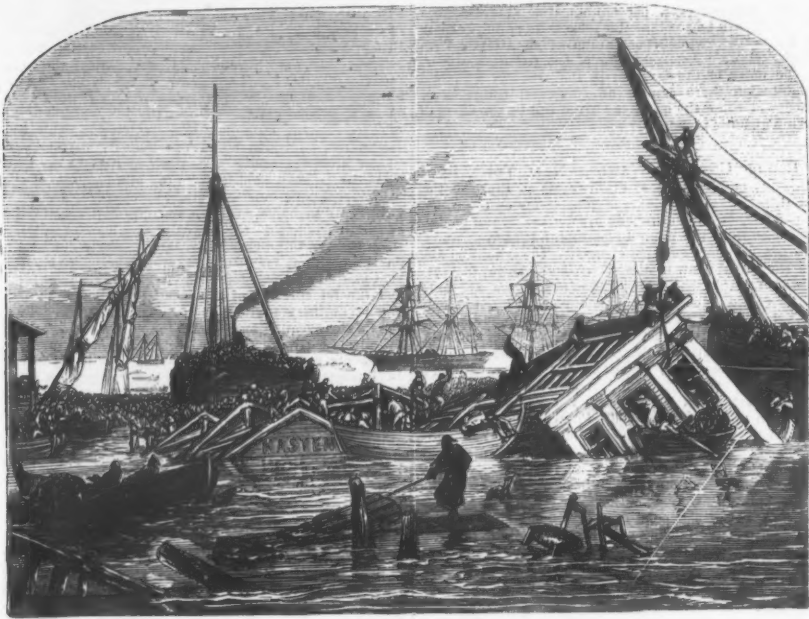
LIGHT BREAKING.

IN the New York Assembly an important Bill is on its third reading. It carries out the suggestion which we have so often urged in respect to criminals. It is called the Professional Criminal Bill, and its object is to furnish professional criminals a short cut to the Penitentiary. It was introduced by Mr. Charles G. Cornell, of this city, who understands the necessity for it, as every one does who has traveled in our streets day after day.

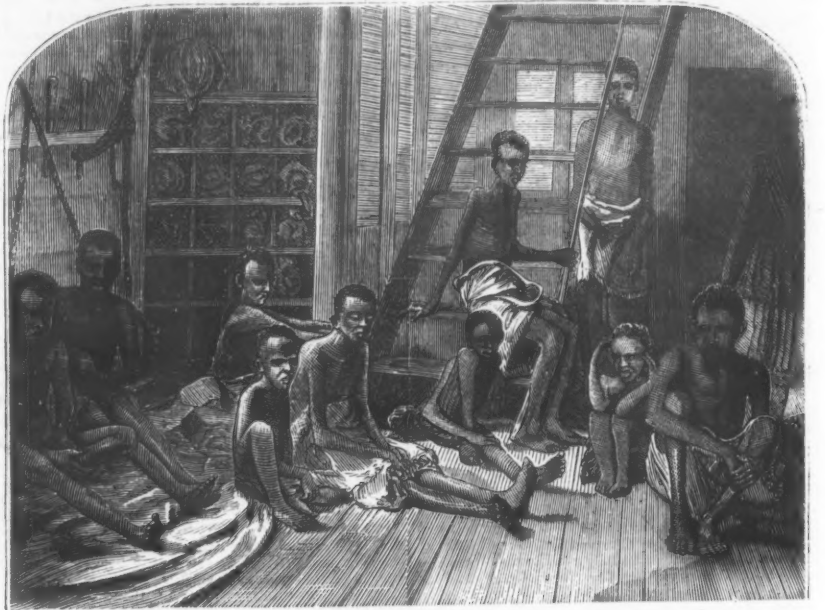
The Bill provides that the police may arrest persons who are well known to them as pickpockets, sneak thieves, counterfeiters or confi-

THE Strakosch season of Italian Opera will be characterized by a strong *ensemble*. Miss Nilsson is to be the chief attraction. With her will be Mlle. Lorrain and Miss Anne Louise Carr, who have been re-engaged for the return. The other tenors will be Campanini and Bonfratelli, and the principal baritone Signor Maurel, for whom great merit is claimed. Signor del Puente, is to be the other baritone, and Signor Narrell the basso. Signor Arliti, the distinguished musical director, is to be the conductor.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 75.



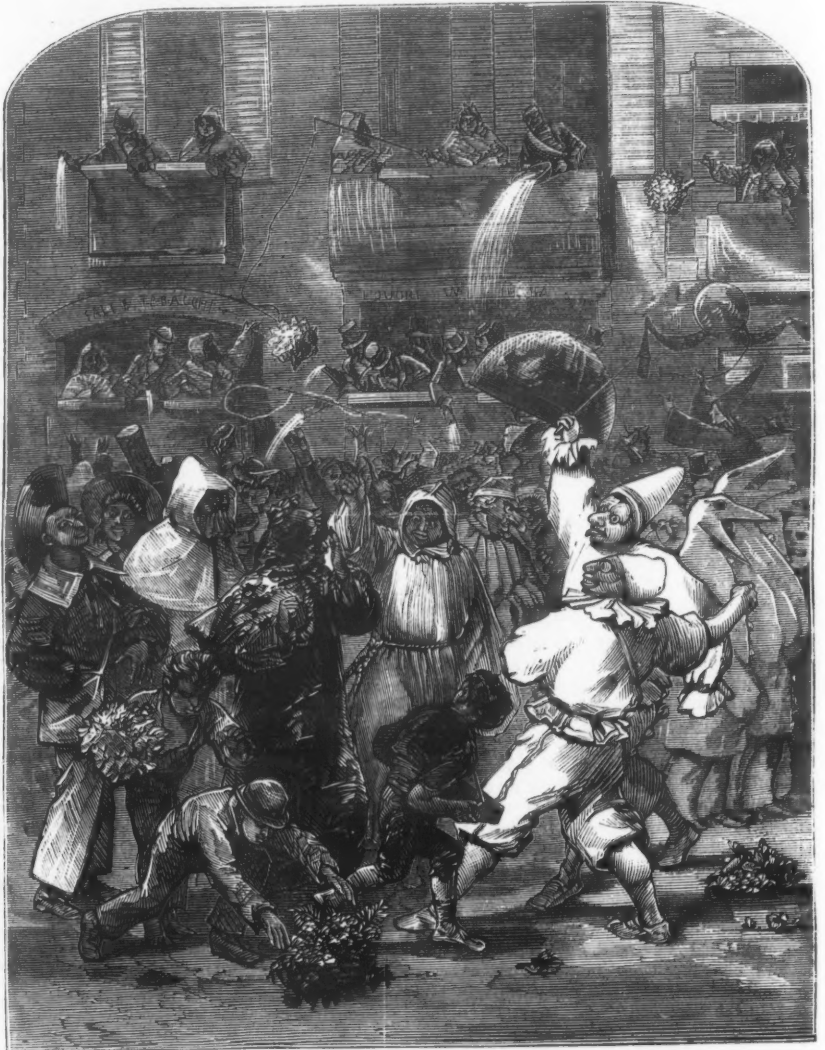
ASIA MINOR.—DISASTER AT SMYRNA.—FALL OF A COFFEE-HOUSE.



AFRICA.—NEGROES TAKEN FROM A CAPTURED SLAVER IN A STATE OF STARVATION.



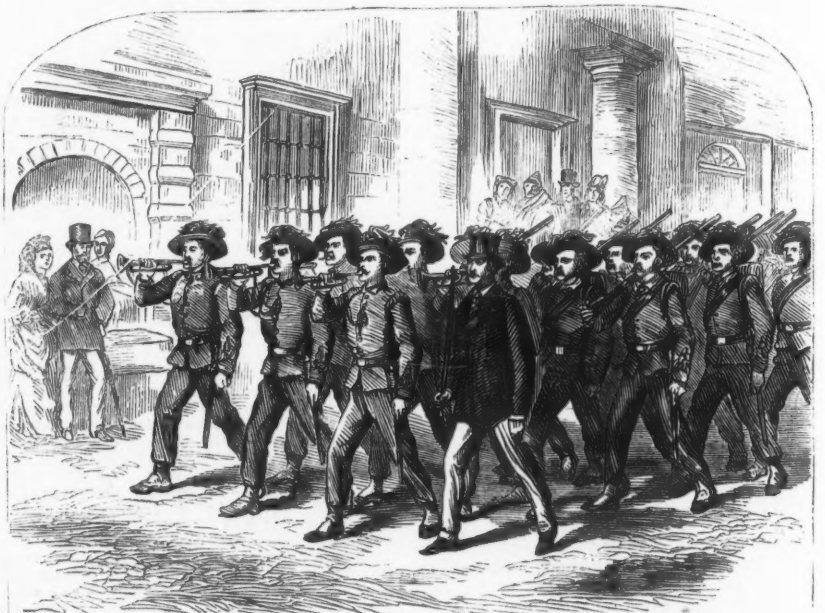
AUSTRIA.—CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING AT VIENNA.



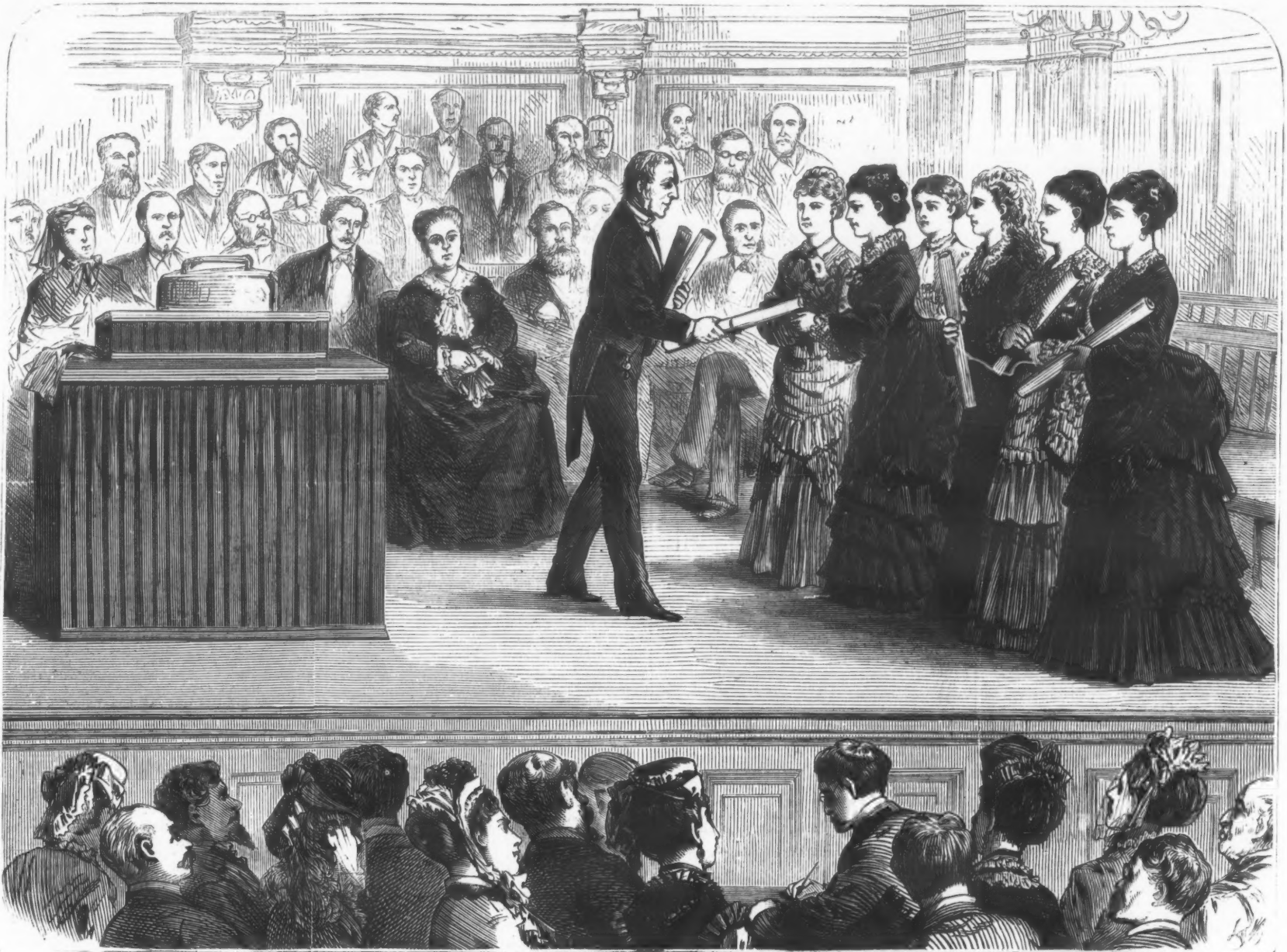
ITALY.—THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.—PRINCE ARTHUR BESSET BY MASQUERS.



SPAIN.—GENERAL SICKLES, THE AMERICAN EMBASSADOR, CONGRATULATING THE FIGUERAS MINISTRY ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE REPUBLIC.



ITALY.—PRINCE ARTHUR MARCHING WITH THE BERSAGLIERI IN ROME.



NEW YORK CITY.—COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE AT STEINWAY HALL.—DR. S. WILLETTS PRESENTING DIPLOMAS TO THE GRADUATES.

THE WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

SINCE its incorporation six years ago, the Women's Medical College of the New York Infirmary has made the most encouraging advances. Its success is now as thoroughly established as that of older institutions wherein instructions in *Materia Medica* and Surgery are given exclusively to men. The fitness of woman to prescribe accurately for all "the ills that flesh is heir to," and to wield the scalpel, *et al.*, is now supposed to be beyond a doubt. Medicine and law have reluctantly extended their facilities to woman.

The Women's Medical College was opened with six students; now it has thirty undergraduates.

The fourth annual commencement occurred on Tuesday evening, March 25th, the exercises being held in Steinway Hall. The graduating class numbered six ladies, who, with the faculty and friends of the institution, occupied seats on the platform. Mr. George W. Morgan presided at the organ, and, after a prelude, Samuel Willetts, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees, introduced Dr. Emily Blackwell, Secretary of the Faculty, who delivered an interesting and pertinent address to the graduates. President Willetts then conferred the degrees upon the following ladies: Charlotte W. Ford, Morristown, N. J.; Abbie L. Fox, Quincy, Ill.; Ellen C. Leggett, Flushing, L. I.; Elizabeth Taylor, Orange, N. J.; Emilie H. Wells, Scranton, Pa.; Kate C. Woodhull, Brooklyn, N. Y. This is the subject of our illustration.

Professor G. H. Wynkoop awarded three prizes. Mrs. T. A. Crocker, Lawrence, Mass., a member of the first year's class, bore off two, for the best report of a surgical clinic and of an eye and ear clinic, respectively. The first prize, a case of surgical instruments, was offered by the Professor of Surgery; the second, an ophthalmoscope, by Dr. Hockley, Clinical Professor. The third and last prize, a copy of Niemeyer's "Practice of Medicine," for the best report of a medical clinic, was given to Miss Emilie H. Wells, of the graduating class. Miss Wells was also valedictorian, and the address which she read illustrated the trials and difficulties encountered by women in the study and practice of medicine. The incentives which urged women to such study were detailed, and words of cheer for the future to her classmates preceded the formal leave-taking.

The subsequent address of Judge Brady was replete with historical and medical reminiscences and many humorous illustrations. The exercises were concluded with stirring music.

The Faculty of the College consists of Emily Blackwell, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics; S. B. Ward, M.D., Professor of Surgery; G. H. Wynkoop, M.D., Professor of Physiology; A. Mead Edwards, M.D., Professor of Chemistry; James R. Leaming, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine; Dan. Stimson, M.D., Professor of Anatomy; Mary Putnam, M.D., Professor of *Materia Medica*; E. H. Jaynes, M.D., Professor of Hygiene.

THE MASONIC FAIR.

"THE GOLDEN BOOK OF LIFE."

IN passing the beautifully furnished stands in the Grand Fair now being held in Apollo Hall for the benefit of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund, it would be difficult to give special praise to the



NEW YORK CITY.—THE MASONIC FAIR AT APOLLO HALL.—MOUNT NEBOH LODGE.—DEPUTY GRAND MASTER THORNE INSCRIBING HIS NAME IN "THE GOLDEN BOOK OF LIFE."

efforts of any particular Lodge. In our last number we gave a review of all the stands then open for inspection. Where each one appeals to the sympathy of the visitor, the sentiment of some may fail to receive due recognition.

On the central aisle, and near the Floral Temple, is stand No. 26, superintended by the friends of Mount Neboh Lodge No. 257. Upon the altar will be found the book on the pages of which are inscribed the names of all who contribute to the cause of benevolence and charity. A similar book was opened at the Grand Fair, in this city, in the year 1870, and realized the handsome sum of \$10,000, which has, up to this time, increased to \$25,000. In affixing his signature to one of its pages, the visitor will be one of the originators of an annual revenue for the benefit of the widow, orphan and the aged. This book, very properly called the "Golden Book of Life," will be presented, together with a beautiful desk, to the Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund, on the day of dedication of the Masonic Temple, and will be preserved as a perpetual Masonic record.

The committee are also conducting a Grand Prize Drawing, the list embracing a choice selection of valuable articles, suitable alike for ornament and use. The tickets are limited to 1,500, and issued at \$1 each, the drawing to take place under the supervision of the Executive Committee of the M. W. Grand Lodge.

The following ladies watch eagerly the process of subscription to this interesting volume: Misses Bernhard, Misses Silverthorn, Misses Richman, Miss F. Hyman, Miss Jennie Newburger, Miss Waterman, Miss Emden, Miss Rosa Rindskopf, Miss Molly Hess, Miss Frank, Miss Ada Hudson, Mrs. D. Wile.

The stand contains two glass-cases inclosing the prizes, with the altar supporting the "Book of Life" between. The articles were collected and arranged by the following committee of the Lodge: Joseph Fox, Jacob H. Semel, Abraham Silverthorn, Herman Mendel, David Wile, Joseph Bloom, Isidor Metzger, Levy Samuels, Moses Sulzberger, Emanuel Marx, E. W. Frank, Moses S. Hyman, D. M. Koehler, Alfred Barber, B. Silverman, Jacob Mandelbaum, Abraham J. Semel, Moses Hellman, Jacob Adler, Marcus Kohner, Jos. Sulzberger, Chairman, Nathan C. Dreshfeld, Leon Weil, James Koch, Treasurer, Wm. J. Ehrich, Nathan Berliner, Secretary.

THE CUBAN STRUGGLE.

MR. ANTONIO ZAMBRANA, whose portrait is on the front page, was born at Havana, in the year 1846. While engaged in the practice of his profession, as a lawyer, in 1868, the news of Céspedes' rising in the eastern part of the Island reached him. Filled with patriotic ardor, he determined to join his compatriots and aid in their struggle for liberty.

He went to Nassau, thence to Camaguey, where he landed with the first expedition in Cuba. He was elected a member of the Congress, and nominated as the First Secretary. In this capacity he drew up the Constitution, and afterward became famous as an orator in the debates in the Patriots' Congress. During its recesses he went to the front and fought against the Spaniards in company with General Agramonte, Commander of the Cuban District of the Camaguey.

The revolution is now most active in the Eastern Department, Camaguey, and the greater part of Las Villas. This territory is said to be completely in

the hands of the patriots. Spanish camps and fortified positions are scattered all over this large tract of country. These are nearly always in a state of siege, and closely beset by the Cuban bands, which make rapid descents upon them and the military trains, or reinforcements, sent periodically from Havana. It is believed, from the repeated successes of the Cubans, that the Spaniards will be forced, ere long, to leave this part of the island.

The insurgents have plenty of arms, it is said, but are sadly in need of ammunition. Frequently they receive cartridges which are wholly unfit for the arms they possess, and this diversity of their patterns of arms is the source of much trouble and vexation.

Although generally well-disciplined, the rebels in Camaguey are superior in the science of war, owing, no doubt, to the method of General Agramonte, who has spared no pains in perfecting his system. The greater part of this force is composed of private gentlemen, whose souls are imbued with the purest patriotism and love of liberty. It is needless to suggest here that such material is likely to constitute an army of heroes, or at least soldiers faithful unto death.

At the beginning of the struggle these men hoped for aid from outsiders and foreign sympathizers, but so little resulted to them from these sources, that the patriots gradually gave up hoping, and, becoming more self-reliant, have resolved, as Mr. Zambrana says, "to be free, with or without external assistance."

The several parts of the civil service, crude and imperfect as they must necessarily be, are regarded and administered with strict impartiality. There never has been any internal disturbance in the Republic during the long time that the war has lasted; implicit reliance on and concurrence in all the acts of the magistrates of the Republic appear to be the rule. Politics is not yet a business there, and there seems to be more of it here among the exiled Cubans than among their fighting countrymen at home.

The Congress adjourned after having passed the necessary laws for the conduct of the war, and maintenance of general good order among the patriots of the Republic. Mr. Zambrana was then selected by President Cespedes to go upon a private mission to New York. The greatest difficulty in the way of accomplishing this purpose was to be encountered while attempting to leave the coast, which is jealously guarded by the Spanish cruisers and musquito fleet of steam gunboats, thirty of which, our readers will remember, were built in New York a few years ago.

The young commissioner, nothing daunted by the difficulties he must surmount ere he saw his friends in New York, went to work vigorously, and, providing himself with a "dug-out," eight yards long by one wide, embarked, on the evening of the 9th of March with eight others, among whom was Colonel Aguero, who landed in Cuba with an expedition a few months ago.

It was blowing a gale of wind, and the surf lashed the shore in the bold, secluded spot where the embarkation was made. The wind was northwesterly, and there was great danger of the *voyageurs* coming to grief. But the necessities of the hour rendered the war of the elements favorable to the enterprise, as thereby the cruisers had to keep well off-shore, so that the patriots launched their frail vessel unnoticed, and got to sea without molestation.

They had one narrow escape. A gunboat hove in sight, but those on board did not observe the "dug-out," and she slipped away from the Spaniard, and reached Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, in twenty-nine hours. Our large drawing shows the fugitives in their boat when leaving the coast of Cuba, under the very eyes of the Spaniards, whose camps were not far from the shore.

Mr. Zambrana came to New York from Kingston on board of the *Clara Bell*. His stay will not be long.

CHURCH MUSIC AFLOAT.

BY
EDWARD GREY.

"COI-AR?" said our boatswain. "How, lieutenant?"

"Not coi-ar, Mr. Neal!" I replied. "I don't want a rope, but some singers! The captain has determined to have the hymns sung at service on Sundays, and has asked me to raise a choir!"

"Yea!" answered the petty officer, passing his stumpy fingers through his beard. "I know what you mean now, sir; captain wants to turn the quarter-deck into a meeting-house!"

"That is none of my business, Neal!"

"I know that, sir!" said the man; "or mine, either. But you mark my words, unless he gets a fiddle or a bassoon to drill 'em with, they ain't agoing to learn! Big old Reece out with an instrument, and offer the men a bottle of grog each when they know the first tune, and you may do it, but not in any other way, sir!"

"That is absurd!" I replied. "In the first place, as you know, Mr. Neal, grog is not allowed on board, and in the second, if it were, we could not give the hands rum for learning hymns—that would be quite out of character!"

"I don't see it!" said the boatswain, after a moment's pause. "Why, when I was in the —, Captain — gave every man and boy in the ship a gill of *Santy Cruz*, who learnt the commandments!"

I could scarcely refrain from laughing at this, but the man seemed to look upon a spirituous reward as such an appropriate one for sailors, that I did not argue the subject any further; contenting myself by inquiring the names of the singers who sometimes favored us with "Captain Kidd," etc., during the dog-watches.

"Oh, ef you wants *howlers*, lieutenant, pretty much all of 'em will do!" said the boatswain, with a laugh. "But ye see, sir, by's as comes aboard one of Uncle Sam's cruisers don't get religion afore they quits their folks, as a rule, being too full of cussedness, and when they are once here they has other fish to fry! I don't believe there's one of 'em knows a hymn—unless it's old Reece, the cook, who is a regular cherry-boom; all the rest don't 'mount to a row of pins!"

"Never mind, Mr. Neal; muster the crew aft, and I'll question them!"

In a short time the men came upon the quarter-deck and fell into line, when the boatswain ordered those who could sing to step up to the capstan!

As the old fellow had stated, I found all of the volunteers first-class howlers, but "Jordan," "Boylston," "Pisgah," and "Antioch," were quite unknown to them. In my anxiety to do something, I sent for Reece, the cook, who was a colored man, and asked him if he knew any hymn-tunes.

Without a moment's hesitation, Reece opened his capacious mouth and yelled out, "Gwin ober de ribba," in such a comical manner, that I had to stop him before he got through the first verse.

"He knows a power of them tunes!" put in the boatswain; "but you had better get a fiddle, sir, or

some sort of a masheen that anybody can play, then I'd learn and teach the others!"

Being, at that moment, about five hundred miles from the coast of China, I could not do more than promise to report matters to the captain, who, upon hearing the facts of the case, replied:

"Want music, do they? Well, I'll procure them some sort of an instrument when we arrive at Hong Kong."

In due time we came to anchor off Chyloon, and the captain went on shore to make the promised purchase. He was a quick, nervous man, and one who, when he made up his mind to have a thing done, got his way by some means. Just as the hands were going to supper, a boat was reported alongside, and when it was made fast, the officer of the watch came to me with a smiling face and said:

"The music is here, sir!"

"Barrel organ 'longside, sir!" shouted the boatswain; "and the boatsman says it's from the captain."

"Hoist it in!" I replied.

It had scarcely touched the deck before the captain made his appearance, accompanied by a Chinaman, who carried a large package of books.

"Got it at a bargain! Plays thirty-six secular, and forty-eight sacred airs! Lower it into my cabin, pipe to supper, and then let the choir muster for their first lesson!"

When the men had partaken of their meal they were "piped aft" by the boatswain, and one by one crept into the captain's cabin, as though they were attending the funeral of a shipmate, or feared that the organ was some new-fangled torpedo. When all of them were reported "present" by Neal, who seemed to consider that he was running the affair, the captain addressed them:

"My lads, I have bought this instrument in order that you may learn to sing at Divine Service on Sabbath days! Now, if you give your attention to it, you will soon learn, and such music as this instrument plays will elevate your minds and raise your souls nearer to heaven, as, I am sure, men who can roar 'Captain Kidd' by the hour can learn something better! Mr. Neal, I look to you to lead them, and you, Reece, as you have a taste for music, shall be the organist!"

"Beg your pardon, sir, but he's as deaf as a post!" observed the boatswain, pointing to the unconscious cook, who little imagined the honor there was in store for him.

"So much the better!" curtly replied the captain. "He will be able to keep time, and not be put out so easily as a man who can hear!"

"You've got to grind the masheen!" bawled Neal, somewhat spitefully, in the cook's ear.

I afterward heard that the boatswain had coveted this post, and that high words had passed between himself and Reece as to which of them should be organist.

The cook was as black as pitch, and in his white pants and blue-and-white striped shirt, collared up to the corners of his eyes, looked mildly ferocious. Upon taking his seat by the instrument his lips parted, and he was about to utter a yell of delight, but, checking himself in time, merely ejaculated:

"Ki!"

"Now Reece!" shouted the captain, "watch my hand for the time!"

The cook grasped the handle of the organ, and after glancing round at the boatswain, as much as to say, "You see, I've got to run the machine, after all, Mr. Neal!" commenced operations by playing "The Old Hundredth." After he had exhausted the contents of one barrel, the commander instructed him how to make the changes, and then we started the choir upon "Antioch."

What followed was mental agony to the captain and myself, and a severe strain upon the muscular system of the chorists. Sometimes the cook was ahead, reeling off the air in a calmly resigned manner most amusing to behold; at others, the boatswain would lead, waving his arms and spurring as though encouraging a crew at a boat-race.

"Oh, this is fearful!" observed the captain.

"Beg your pardon, sir," replied Neal, who began to warm to his work; "but we shall never learn while you are here, sir!"

"And why not, pray?" demanded the captain.

"The b'ys are bashful! That is, they don't like to give it lip before you, sir!"

At the commencement of the "torture," the captain had endeavored to lead, and used the terms *pia* and *forte*.

"Bashful; oh, nonsense, Neal!" replied the commander. "It's perfectly ridiculous for you to say such a thing! But if you think that you can drill the men better without our presence, we will withdraw!"

"Thank you, sir!" said the boatswain, evidently much relieved by the prospect of our absence. "The b'ys don't save *pia* and *forte*, and they gets a little mixed, don't ye see!"

The captain signed me to accompany him to the quarter-deck, where we amused ourselves by overhearing Neal's performance.

As the cook could not tell when to start a tune, the boatswain had tied a stout lanyard to the man's wrist, by which he signaled him to "go ahead" or "stop."

If anything, their first attempt after we left the cabin was worse than their performance in our presence.

"Stop!" yelled Neal, tugging at the lanyard as persistently as an outraged passenger does at the strap of a street-car after the driver has carried him ten blocks beyond the place where he wished to alight.

"You're stop 'yourself, Mista Neal!" cried the indignant cook, who had ground "Antioch" in a very workmanlike manner. "You're wrong, sar! I play right—round—round—round! You're not driblet a pig, I see hab you'se to know! I guess I knows what I'se about, ef I am deaf!"

"Now, b'ys!" said the boatswain, "I see what's the matter! This will fix it," seizing the "pipe" or "call," suspended by a silver chain from his neck. "Reece, shift the bar! to 'Rock of Ages,' d'ye hear?" shouting in the cook's ear.

"I hear ye!" sulkily responded the man, taking out the barrel and inserting a new one.

"Now!" continued the leader, "when I pipes *hoist away*, you start; when I pipes *slack up*, don't forge ahead too fast; and when I pipes *Reece*, you come to anchor—savee! Now, then, Reece! Reel off the 'Rock,' and jerk it more livelier than you did 'Antioch!' Give it lip, b'ys!"

They started very well, but the bass would tuck *let me*, after the words *clef* for *me*, at the end of the first line, hearing which, Neal piped down in such a frantic staccato, that the choir looked perfectly agitated; while Reece, who had closed his eyes and yielded himself to the inspiration of the moment, continued to turn the handle, until fairly jerked off the instrument by the indignant boatswain, who demanded:

"Why tho—d—eaf-and-dumb-asylum—don't you dry up at *me*, Bill Taylor! And why don't you answer signals, Reece, and not go off into a sort of trance when you're agrounding?"

Neal persevered, and finally got the choir into working order, but it was some time before they sang during Divine Service, the boatswain not

being able to break himself of the habit of "piping" when he wished to start or stop the singers; however, after a time, things went so well that we not only had sacred music on Sundays, but secular concerts during the week.

One Saturday afternoon, when we were anchored off Foo-Choo, the captain informed me that some strangers would be present on board the following day, and, among other names, mentioned that of a mischievous young lady, Fanny Wood, for whom I had a sort of unavowed attachment, and in whose eyes I wished to appear particularly smart.

Church was rigged upon the upper deck, and about half-past ten A. M. the visitors arrived and were escorted to their seats, Miss Wood rewarding me with a most bewitching, encouraging smile.

Fearing that the sight of our organist would be too much for our friend's gravity, I directed Reece to remain below with the instrument, stationing the boatswain by the after-skylight hatchway, down which was passed the signal lanyard by which Neal could, as usual, control the organist.

Before the visitors came on board, I instructed the cook to play "The Wedding March" as soon as the service was over, not for the moment imagining that the captain would have the slightest objection, and, in order that Reece might not forget, I took out the barrel upon which the air was arranged, and placed it upon the lounge within his reach.

When the ladies were comfortably seated, I ordered the boatswain to "pipe to church," and then descended to the cabin to announce the fact to the captain, who was composing his mind by rehearsing the service to himself.

As we left the stateroom, Reece gave me a peculiar nod, as though wishing to speak with me, but being unwilling to disturb the captain, who looked as grave as a Capuchin, I motioned the organist to be silent, and followed my chief on deck.

The capstan, covered with the "stars and stripes," made an excellent reading-desk, and the crew, who were seated upon the deck, pulled the most approved "church-going faces."

After I had seen the captain safely into position, I walked aft to my seat, on the opposite side of the skylight to where I had posted the boatswain, when, to my confusion, I found it occupied by Miss Wood, who was regarding our musical arrangements in a very inquisitive manner.

"Oh, please do let me remain here!" pleaded the young lady in a whisper. "I do so want to see that man pull the line. May I stay—I'll be very quiet!"

Of course I had to yield, and took her chair, but not without serious misgivings about the success of the musical portion of the service.

When the captain had recovered courage enough to face the visitors, for he was an exceedingly diffident man, he gave out "The Morning Hymn," upon which Neal tugged at the lanyard, and set Reece in motion.

At first Miss Wood could scarcely refrain from laughter, for the boatswain stood over the skylight hatch as though fishing for something, the resemblance being heightened by the manner in which he jerked the string whenever the verse ended, just as though he had a nibble; but she soon sobered down and joined in the singing, in a most heavenly style, Neal taking no more notice of her than though she were a lay-figure, so absorbed was he in watching for his cues.

The choir came out manfully, and, with the exception of being a little flurried at starting, executed the hymn in a very satisfactory fashion.

Gathering courage, the captain warmed to his task, and read a most excellent sermon, after which a short hymn was to follow, and then the final prayer; but, unluckily, the cabin being warm, our organist fell asleep, and, in spite of the vigorous twitches given by Neal toward the end of the discourse, the boatswain tugging at the line as though he had hooked a sturgeon and meant to land it, Reece slept on.

I did not know what in the world to do, as I dared not speak for fear of attracting general notice; and I could see that, if I moved, Miss Wood would laugh outright.

Knowing that in a few seconds the captain would come to "Amen," and finding it utterly impossible to rouse the slumbering cook, Neal quietly slipped off his shoes, and, creeping toward a gun, drew from beneath it a wet swab; then, returning to the skylight, dropped the article upon the upturned face of the sleeper.

A smothered groan followed, while the boatswain made galvanic efforts to "telegraph the situation" to the bewildered Reece.

Poor Miss Wood! I felt so sorry for her, and was quite relieved when she rose and went aft, where she remained, with averted face and convulsed action of shoulders; the rest of the visitors, being in blissful ignorance of the cause, regarding her somewhat severely.

At length I noticed that Neal's face underwent a change, and, by the time the commander ended, I knew that all was right again.

After looking round, in order to ascertain if the choir were awake, the captain, who had delivered the discourse in a very impressive manner, said:

"We will now sing 'Rock of Ages.'"

The ladies, with the exception of Miss Wood, who was still aft, rose, and opened their hymn-books at the proper place, while the crew, who might have been a fold of newly saved "lambs," so assiduous did they look, prepared "to burst into song" as soon as the captain had repeated the words of the first verse.

I feared that something dreadful was about to happen, for I saw the boatswain shaking his fist at Reece in a very secular way, after which he seized his "call," and, leaning down the hatch, piped, "Hoist away!"

There was a dead pause, and I felt so annoyed that I hardly knew where to look, when the captain turned to me, and whispered:

"Dear me, what is the matter?"

Ere the words had fairly passed his lips, the organ commenced, not "Rock of Ages," but that vulgar air known as "Walking Down Broadway."

For a moment I could scarcely credit my senses; but, upon rushing to the hatch, found Neal red in the face with piping "Belay!" and the lanyard as taut as wire, while, in the cabin below, the unconscious Reece was energetically working away at the tune.

"This is an awful fizzle!" muttered the commander, gazing sternly at me, as though he considered that I ought to have prevented such a catastrophe; while the boatswain was searching under a neighboring gun, moaning:

"Oh, Lord! won't somebody give me another wet swab?"

Meanwhile Reece "reeled off" the air so merrily that some of the hands began to hum the refrain.

"Silence!" cried the captain, while I darted down into the cabin and stopped the organist, who first smiled at me as though proud of his performance, and then showed abject terror.

"What do you mean by playing that tune?" I demanded.

"What tune, sar?"

"Why, the one you have been playing for the last five minutes, you—stupid!"

Opening the instrument, he ungereed the barrel,

and gazed upon the list pasted upon one end, then gasped:

"Walking down Broadway!" Oh! Je-o-sophat!

"I'm a gone coon!"

It seemed that the captain, noticing the spare barrel, and knowing that it was arranged for secular airs, had returned it to its case. Reece, who stood in great awe of the commander, did not like to speak, and, failing to make me understand how matters stood when I summoned my chief on deck, concluded to rectify the error during sermon, but, falling asleep, had omitted to do so. Upon being awakened by the swab, he imagined that the service was over, and, remembering that he had to play "The Wedding March," rushed to the locker, and in his hurry, took out the wrong barrel. He asserted that he never could make out any difference in the tunes he played, and I have every reason to believe that he spoke the truth.

"I suppose, as usual, that no one is to blame?" remarked the commander, in a very severe tone, as he entered the cabin, while I could hear the boatswain, who was explaining matters to the gentlemen portion of our visitors, say:

"I'd like to have Mr. Reece all alone in a sand-tank for half an hour—I'd walk him down Broadway, two-fo'ry!"

"How is it that you did not feel the signal to stop?" I inquired of the trembling organist, who had wedged himself between the mizzen-mast case and the bulkhead.

"Why, you see, captain—and lieutenant," appealing first to one and then the other of us, "when I get up to get de spar bar'l, sars, I tie de lanyard round de leg ob de table!"

"Oh!" groaned Neal from aloft, "and let me a'most pull my arms out of joint!"

The captain accompanied the ladies on shore, and, as I bade Miss Wood "Good-day" at the gangway, I felt that she was laughing at me when she said:

"Oh! Lieutenant—, I am so much obliged to you for letting me have that seat. I shall never forget you!"

The first Sunday after we got to sea again, the boatswain came to me and inquired if we were to have singing during service; but, upon speaking to the commander, I was informed that in future the organ would be used for secular purposes only.

"Thought so!" growled Neal. "It's like trying to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear—trying to make a coir-ar work with such a duffer as Reece at the masheen!"

However, the organ was in constant requisition during the dog-watches and upon high days and holidays, though the memorable Sunday at Foo-Choo was the last time we had "church music afloat."

THE CABINET.

HON. HAMILTON FISH, OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY OF STATE.

HON. H. FISH, Secretary of State, was born in New York, in 1809. He received his education at Columbia College, and there graduated with honor. Having studied law, he was admitted to the Bar in 1830, and obtained a high position in his profession. Entering, in his early public life, the field of politics, Mr. Fish became a member of Assembly in 1837. In 1842 he contested the Fourth Congressional District of New York City, against John McKeon, the Democratic candidate, whom he defeated. In 1847 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, and the next year was elected Governor.

The Slavery question was agitated with great bitterness, but life was committed to the provisions of the Wilmot Proviso, and in his annual Messages took strong ground against the extension of slave territory. He was appointed, with Bishop Ames, in January, 1862, upon a commission to relieve the Union prisoners in the South, and succeeded in negotiating a general exchange of the prisoners of war. In 1869 he was chosen Secretary of State in President's Grant's Cabinet. His acts in this capacity have been variously commented upon, especially his Cuban policy.

HON. WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, SECRETARY
OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON was born in Tyngsborough, Mass., November 2d, 1821, and, therefore, fifty-one and a half years old—his very prime. He comes of legal ancestry, his father, Hon. Daniel Richardson, being a lawyer of reputation, and his father's brother, William M. Richardson, having been Chief Justice of New Hampshire. The maiden name of his mother was Mary Adams.

Mr. Richardson prepared for college at Groton (now Lawrence) Academy, and graduated at Harvard in 1843. In 1846 he was made Master of Arts and Bachelor of Laws at the same institution. In the latter year he entered upon his first official career—being appointed Judge Advocate of the Massachusetts Militia, which he held for four years. He further added to the military side of his experience the honor of Aid-de-camp to Governor Briggs, in 1850. We should have stated that he was admitted to the Boston Bar, on motion of the late Governor Andrew, July 8th, 1846; and immediately settled in the practice of the law, with his brother, Hon. Daniel Richardson, as his partner, at Lowell, where they resided.

In 1849 he was chosen to the Lowell Common Council, also in 1853 and 1854, and was made President of that body. In 1853 he was one of the incorporators of the Lowell Five Cents Savings Bank—appointed one of the trustees and upon the finance committee, which trusts he still continues to discharge.

His abilities as a financier were recognized by his appointment as President of the Wamesit (now National) Bank in 1859, which he held until January, 1867; also, with the exception of that time, he has been a Director of the Appleton Bank, Lowell, from October, 1853, and still continues in that office. He held the important position of President of the Middlesex Mechanics' Association for two years, and exercised a controlling influence in a thorough remodeling and reorganizing of that influential institution.

In 1855 he was appointed to revise the General Statutes of the Commonwealth, having as associates in this laborious work Hon. Joel Parker and A. A. Richmond. This occupied a period of four years, and resulted in the "General Statutes of Massachusetts," enacted in 1859. The fidelity of this great work led the Legislature, in 1859, to appoint Mr. Richardson (then Judge) Chairman of the Committee to Edit the General Statutes, Judge Sanger being joined with him in the work; and by a further Act, in 1867, he was charged with a continuance of his duty, which he has performed, annually, from that time.

Again, at the extra session of the Legislature, recently held, he was appointed, with Judge Sanger, to edit a new edition of the General Statutes, and a supplement, in consequence of the

destruction of the original plates in the great fire at Boston.

In April, 1856, he entered upon the duties of Judge of Probate for Middlesex County, succeeding Hon. S. P. Fay, who had held the office for thirty-five years preceding. On the consolidation of the office of Judge of Insolvency, with that of Judge of Probate, in May, 1868, he was appointed to the new position, and remained in it until April, 1872, when he resigned the charge—a period of sixteen years from the first taking office as Judge of Probate.

He was appointed one of the Trustees of Lawrence Academy, in 1862—and one of the Overseers of Harvard College, in 1863; again, under the new law, in 1869; and has held these appointments from the first, and holds them still. In 1869 he found it necessary to remove his law office from Lowell to Boston, and his residence to Cambridge. In April, of 1869, he was appointed and commissioned Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, but declined the honor, having been appointed Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury by President Grant in the preceding March.

GENERAL W. M. BELKNAP, SECRETARY OF WAR.

GEN. W. M. BELKNAP is the son of Brevet Brigadier-General W. G. Belknap, of the Regular Army, who died in 1851, while en route from Fort Belknap, in Texas, to the coast.

He is a graduate of Princeton (N. J.) College, and a lawyer by profession. His military career dates from 1861, when he joined the Fifteenth Iowa Volunteers as Major. During the siege of Vicksburg he was promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and appointed Provost Marshal of the Sixteenth Army Corps. In the Georgia Campaign he commanded the Iowa Division, and was made a Brigadier-General for gallant conduct during the battle of July 22d, 1864.

At the close of the war he left the Army, and became Collector of Internal Revenue for the First Iowa District, under President Johnson's régime. He held his position up to the date of his appointment as General Rawlins's successor, in 1869.

HON. J. A. J. CRESWELL, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

HON. J. A. J. CRESWELL was born in Cecil County, Maryland, in 1828; graduating at Dickinson College, Pa., in 1848, he was admitted to the Bar of Maryland in 1850. In 1861 and 1862 he became a member of the Maryland House of Delegates, and in the latter year he served for a time as an Assistant Adjutant-General of the State. An ardent follower of Winter Davis, in 1862 he was elected to Congress from the Cecil District, and took his seat beside the great Baltimore orator, at the beginning of the Thirty-eighth Congress. Mr. Creswell was afterward elected to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Governor Hicks.

In 1864 Mr. Creswell was a delegate to the Convention in Baltimore which renominated Mr. Lincoln. In 1866 he was a conspicuous Delegate to the Southern Loyalists' Convention in Philadelphia, where he led the Border State opposition to the demand for Negro Suffrage. He has now become a Universal Suffragist.

Mr. Creswell has been a member of President Grant's Cabinet since 1869.

HON. GEORGE A. WILLIAMS, UNITED STATES ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

HON. GEORGE A. WILLIAMS, the United States Attorney-General, was born in Columbia County, N. Y., March 23d, 1823; received an Academic education in Onondago County; studied law, and on being admitted to the Bar in 1844 immediately emigrated to Iowa. From President Pierce he received, in 1853, the appointment of Chief-Justice of the Territory of Oregon, and was reappointed by President Buchanan in 1857, but resigned. In 1864, he was elected a Senator from Oregon, for the term commencing in 1865 and ending in 1871, serving on the Committees of the Judiciary, on Claims, on Private Land Claims, on Finance, and the Special Committee on the Rebellious States. He was also a member of the National Committee to accompany the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois. In February, 1871, he was confirmed one of the High Commissioners, whose duty was the discussion of the Alabama and Fisheries questions.

He succeeded Attorney-General Hoar as a member of President Grant's Cabinet.

HON. GEORGE M. ROBESON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

GEORGE M. ROBESON, appointed in 1869 by President Grant to succeed, as Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Adolph E. Borie, is a son of Judge William Robeson, of Warren County, N. J., and was born in the year 1827.

He graduated at Princeton College in 1847, began the study of law at Newark in Chief Justice Hornblower's office, and was admitted to the Bar in 1850. A few years later he was appointed Prosecutor of the Pleas, an office he continued to fill until 1867, when Governor Ward appointed him Attorney-General for the State. He has always been considered a very able lawyer.

HON. COLUMBUS DELANO, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

HON. COLUMBUS DELANO, Secretary of the Interior, was born in Shoreham, Vt., in 1800; he removed to Mount Vernon, O., in 1847; was admitted to the Bar in 1831, and became eminently successful at his profession.

He was always very popular in his district, and was sent to Congress from Ohio in 1844, where he served on the Committee of Invalid Pensions. He was a candidate for Governor three years later, but wanted two votes of the nomination.

In 1860 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, and the year after was appointed Commissary-General of Ohio. In 1863 he was sent to the House of Representatives of the State, and became a prominent member. He was a member of the Baltimore Convention, and Chairman of the Ohio Delegation in 1864, zealously supporting President Lincoln. He was re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress, and served as Chairman of the Committee on Claims.

He was also a delegate to the Philadelphia "Loyalists' Convention" of 1866, and in 1868 was again sent to Congress. He is now a member of President Grant's Cabinet.

The outstanding legal-tenders are at the present date \$358,500.00.

CUSTOMS IN THE DAYS OF EXPENSIVE POSTAL RATES.

TEMPLE BAR says: "In the days of heavy postage no one had the slightest scruple in cheating the revenue. Persons leaving home, whether for inland or foreign travel, were importuned by friends to carry letters for them to other friends. An idea prevailed that if the letters were carried 'open'—that is—unsealed—there was no infraction of the law, and that consequently no penalty could be exacted. This was a popular error. The law, moreover, was evaded in another way. A newspaper was sent by post in an envelope; inside the latter a long epistle was often written in invisible ink, generally milk. When this was dry, the writing could not be seen. By holding the paper to the fire the writing came out in a sepia color, and the law was broken. The post-office authorities discovered this petty trick, and parties were threatened with prosecution; but, as the receivers invariably protested that they did not know who the senders were, it was almost impossible to obtain a conviction. Senders, indeed, grew a little nervous, and many changed their method of conveying information in spite of the law. In place of writing in milk on the covers of newspapers, they made slight dots in ordinary ink, under such printed letters as suited their purpose for conveying intelligence. This was troublesome for both sender and receiver, and it was therefore used only for brief messages. The postal tax pressed most heavily on the poor, but the ingenious poor discovered means to evade it. For instance, a son or daughter in town dispatched a letter to parents in the country who were too poor to pay the postage. The parents declined to take such letter in, which they had a legal right to do. Returned to the General Post-Office, the letter, on being opened, was found to be a blank sheet of paper. The fact is, that parents and children had agreed to send these blank sheets as indications that all was well with the sender; the receiver got that much of news, and had nothing to pay for it. The letter was never taken in unless a peculiar mark was on the cover, which intimated that something of importance was to be read within."

THE ENMITY BETWEEN SWANS AND GEESSE.

TOUCHING this enmity between the swans and the geese, it is curious to see how the long feud varies. In the Spring the swans are victorious. The male plunges through the water at the geese directly they appear, and, single-handed, sends them all flying off with screams. Moreover, it will follow them far ashore, hunting them some two hundred yards up the common, which pasture retains the name it had before inclosure. Some two years ago, I had not been home for twelve months. Before I left, there had been great contests between the swan and the gander on the grass, and on driving in by the gate at the top of the common, on my return after a year's absence, they were in the same place, pounding and flapping at one another, as if they had not stopped since I saw them last. Nor do I suppose that there had been more than a short truce, which generally arrives in the severe part of the winter. Then all, friends and foes, come up to the house to be fed.

In the autumn, the war does not cease, though the tables are turned. Then the gander gets a temporary preeminence. For a time the efforts of the swan to drive off the geese grow fainter. He will come plunging up to the fleet of geese, which evade him, and swim further out. Presently they all set up a war-scream, and the old gander, with his neck as straight as a ruler, sallies out, challenging the swan to single combat. That is accepted.

The other day—I write in September—I saw such a duel. The birds laid hold of each other by the throat, and there was a tremendous splashing and pother. The gander drew off, after some two or three minutes of this intimate wrestle. But if he follows the precedent of former years, he will soon win a victory, thus: He will get on the swan's back, between his wings, and peg away at the nape of his neck, the swan swimming away furiously all the time, until at last Mr. Gander gets off, returns to his flock, which set up a monstrous chorus of rejoicing, and congratulates himself on the first victory of the period in which he remains master.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Disaster at Smyrna.

The dreadful accident on the 9th ult. at this Turkish commercial seaport town is the subject of our illustration. This disaster, which has been mentioned in the newspapers, was the fall of the "Kivoto" coffee-house, built on piles over the sea, where two or three hundred people were assembled in the holiday time of the Courban Beiram, or Mohammedan Carnival, to see a performance by acrobats of "The Last Judgment." There were not many Turks of the respectable class at this entertainment, but some of the foreigners in the city had the curiosity to attend. It was ten o'clock in the evening, and the play was going on, when a loud cracking was heard, and in five minutes the entire café had disappeared under water. A few persons contrived to escape, some by jumping through the windows into the sea. The boatmen rowed up instantly, but their efforts to save life were in vain. Sureya Pasha, the Governor-General, Ibrahim Agha, Chief of Police, and Tahir Bey, commandant, who were at once on the spot, exerted themselves strenuously with the same object. The profound silence which succeeded the piercing cries of despair told plainly the terrible character of the disaster. The Catholic and Greek Archbishops were on the spot early next morning, while the workmen of the Quay Company were engaged in removing the roof of the submerged vessel. The search after the dead bodies was a sad spectacle; the acrobats were withdrawn from the water in their showy costumes of the previous night; the limbs of all the bodies were contracted with pain. Two hearsees were engaged the whole day in conveying the dead to the Greek and Roman Catholic hospitals. Divers were busy at work, and every minute a fresh body was brought up. The total number of bodies recovered up to the present time is 130, and it is supposed that there are more in the water. An English captain, two Turkish merchants, an Italian captain, a telegraph clerk, and some commercial clerks, are among the victims. The feeling of grief and consternation is general, and the ball advertised to take place in the Casino has been countermanded. The police have closed all the other cafés built upon piles on the sea. One man saved has lost the use of his speech. The company of acrobats consisted of seven persons, of whom three were women; only one of these women survives. The Government will institute proceedings against the proprietor of the café, who did not pay heed to the warning of danger which was given him in time. A similar accident took place at Smyrna two years ago, but no lives were then lost.

Group of Slaves from a Captured Dhow.

The terrible condition of some slaves rescued from a dhow, with one hundred and fifty on board, is pictured

on page 72. In the language of an eye-witness, "the deplorable condition of these poor wretches, crammed into a small dhow, surpasses all description; on the bottom of the dhow was a pile of stones as ballast, and on these stones, without even a mat, were twenty-three women, huddled together, one or two with infants in their arms; these women were literally doubled up, there being no room to sit erect; and on a bamboo deck, about three feet above the keel, were forty-eight men, crowded together in the same way, and on another deck above this there were fifty-three children. Some of the slaves were in the last stages of starvation and dysentery."

Celebrating the Completion of the Grand Exposition Building at Vienna.

It was a matter of grave doubt at one time whether the Exposition Building would be finished in time. The erection of the Palace of Industry Rotundas was deemed almost impracticable, yet, despite the pressure of 35,000 centimetres, the widely arched expanse now stands firm and free without having sunk an inch. As soon as the success of the undertaking became a certainty, a festival was held on the scene of the triumph. It is customary in Austria to celebrate the completion of any building's roof by what is called "The Festival of Erection." Our illustration shows Baron Schurz surrounded by members of the Imperial Corporation Commission and prominent engineers, the Ministers, and other noted dignitaries, at the Grand Entrance, before going into the spacious halls beyond.

The Carnival in Rome.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur had his share of the Carnival frolics in the Italian capital, where, during eleven days, beginning with Saturday, the 15th ult., till the last day, which was Tuesday, the 25th, public and private business was almost stopped, whilst all classes of the people indulged in a variety of foolish antics preparatory to the religious solemnities of Lent—a custom in the Papal city most energetically kept up. By the efforts of the Pasquino Society, aided by a grant of public money, the display of these whimsical entertainments on the present occasion has been more complete and costly than in former years. A correspondent, writing of the subjects our illustrations present, says: "One day last week, Prince Arthur, Prince Humbert and Princess Margherita had a balcony in the heart of the fun, and labored hard to scoop and shovel down as much as possible. They must really have found it fatiguing work, when over; but they seemed thoroughly to enjoy it, and appeared to do their duty as well as any, keeping up a constant shower upon those members of the crowd below who attracted their attention. Another day, Prince Arthur joined the crowd, protected by a linen domino and gauze masks, and got most mercilessly punished, his own friends from above enjoying the opportunity of pelting him more than all other game; for, though cloaked, he was not difficult to recognize, and got his face richly and rather roughly powdered. He has made himself very popular. On one occasion he met the 'Bersaglieri' (Army Rifles) on the march, in the streets. They march always at double-quick pace; and he took the fancy to get out of his carriage and try the pace with them for a considerable distance."

U. S. Minister Congratulating President Figueras on the Establishment of the Republic in Spain.

On the 15th of February, the American Minister was received by the Spanish Ministry in full state. Carriages were sent to escort himself and suite. Reaching the Presidency, the band of Engineers struck up the American national air, while the volunteer band played the Marseillaise. In the grand saloon were all the Ministers in gala dress. Then General Sikes spoke, saying that the experience of the United States showed that free institutions were best calculated to further the progress of nations, and congratulated the President on the establishment of a Republic in the Empire of Ferdinand and Isabella. Señor Figueras made a most eloquent reply, and then General Sikes, having presented his secretaries to the Ministers, said that the words he had uttered were no mere form, but the loyal expression of the sentiments of the American people. Our engraving pictures the above description.

SCIENTIFIC.

DR. ELSNER, of Berlin, has found that iron is volatilizable at a temperature of at least 3,000 degrees centigrade. He experimented with a small piece at this heat, and on uncovering the crucible, distinguished small needles of crystallized iron, says *Les Mondes*.

THE Japanese Government proposes to have an institution for the study of practical engineering, and have instructed their agents to procure a set of machinery and tools similar in all respects to that which the English Crystal Palace Company, last autumn, constructed, for the purposes of their admirable school for practical engineering, under the supervision of Professor Wilson, as Principal.

COATING COPPER WITH IRON.—Professor Böttger states that ammonia-sulphate of iron, with suitable batteries, gives beautiful results in the electrical deposition of iron in thin films or thick plates, according to the process, with double salts of iron described by him about twenty-six years ago. This has proved of great practical value in the preservation of engraved copper-plates from wear in printing, by covering them with a thin film of this peculiarly hard, steel-like iron.

A THERAPEUTIST of London thinks he has discovered an infallible cure for rheumatism, namely, the administration of hot sand baths. He claims that the advantage of this mode of treatment consists, especially, in the fact that it does not suppress perspiration like the hot water bath, but rather increases it; and another advantage it possesses is, that it does not interfere with the respiration of the patient, as does the steam bath or Turkish bath. It is asserted that the body can endure the influence of such a bath for a much longer time, and a much higher temperature can also be applied. It can be used for infants, and permits of easy application to a part or to the whole body. If this remedy shall prove efficacious for so serious an ailment, it will indeed be a boon to a large class of sufferers.

THE Chinese take a curious method to prevent their pigeons from being attacked by birds of prey while circling over the cities or moving from place to place. This consists in the employment of small, short cylinders of bamboo, arranged so as to form a whistle or reed pipe, in groups of three or four, or more. These are attached to the back of the bird, and so adjusted that as it flies through the air a very sharp sound is produced. Varying lengths of the bamboo give variety of tones to this instrument; and when a large number of birds are flying together in a single flock, as is very frequently the case, the sound produced by them is distinctly audible for a great distance. It is said that rapacious birds are effectively repelled by this precaution, so that the pigeons make their flights with perfect safety from one point to another. Varnish is used for coating these bamboo whistles to protect them from moisture. This practice is said to have been in vogue among the Chinese for a great many years.

OVER 600 applications for patents were received at the Patent Office in Washington during the last week of March.

NEWS BREVITIES.

DON CARLOS is positively reported to be in Geneva.

An epidemic of measles is spreading through the Northwestern States.

KENTUCKY contributes to the Vienna Exposition a black brass band.

THE next Cincinnati Industrial Exposition will open on the 3d of September.

TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED coal miners in the Bolton-Farnworth District have struck.

A NEW YORK doctor announces his successful treatment of a bad case of hydrophobia.

THE military establishment of Rhode Island demands an annual appropriation of \$50,000.

THE King of Portugal has sent the decoration of the Order of St. James to President Thiers.

H. R. H. NICHOLAS AUGUST, Duke of Delcarlie, brother of Oscar II. of Sweden, died recently.

M. AMÉDÉE SIMON DOMINIQUE THIÉRY, a French historian of repute, died in Paris, March 27th.

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN B. MONTGOMERY, United States Navy, died at Carlisle, Pa., on the 25th of March.

It is stated that the Carlists aim at the capture of Pampeluna, as a base of operations against Madrid.

THE Guatemalan insurrection has been quelled, and people are now paying attention to their coffee crops.

GENERAL PIETAIN has been appointed Captain-General of Cuba, and General Rivera, Captain-General of Porto Rico.

A RESPIRE of three weeks has been accorded Henry Fralich, under sentence of death at Syracuse for the murder of Peter Shaffer.

ALLISON HAYES and A. J. MARTIN, both convicted of Ku-Klux outrages in South Carolina, have been pardoned by the President.

THE United States and British Claims Commission will close its business by the 26th of September, when it will expire by limitation.

THE Adams oration on the late Mr. Seward will be delivered on Friday, April 18th, at 11 o'clock a.m., at the North Reformed Church, in Albany.

SEVERAL liquor dealers in Washington have been caught in defrauding the Internal Revenue, and the law will be vigorously applied in their cases.

THE seats of one-quarter of the sitting members of the Dominion Parliament are to be contested. Each case will be referred to its special committee.

CATHARINE KIRWAN is supposed to have been murdered at No. 61 Washington Street, New York, where she was found dead on Saturday, March 29th.

A QUARRY of lithographic stone is said to have been discovered recently near the town of Voltrom, in Russia. M. Heckmann, of Berlin, purchased it for 100,000 francs.

THE Pennsylvania Senate Bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for the Centennial Exhibition was concurred in by the House with much enthusiasm, and was signed by the Governor March 27th.

A BILL has passed both branches of the Michigan Legislature, providing for the appointment of two professors of homoeopathy in the Medical Department of the State University.

THE Countess Guiccioli (daughter of Count Gamba) Marquise de Boissy, made famous by reason of her intimacy and association with Lord Byron, the poet, died recently at Rome, in her 72d year.

A SPIRITUALISTIC burglar in Springfield, Mass., pleaded in defense that "the spirit of a dark-haired woman controlled his actions," and directed him when and where to break through and steal.

ONE of the meanest features of the Congressional Back-pay Bill is that the families of members of the Forty-second Congress deceased previous to the passage of the bill derive no benefit from it.

AN insane American appeared at the lodge-gate of Windsor Castle, lately, and demanded admittance, alleging that the Queen was his mother. He was arrested, and promised to return to the United States.

THE Commission of the present Ministers to the Central American States will expire July 1st, when the mission will be consolidated, and, according to rumor, Colonel Williamson, of Shreveport, La., will receive the appointment.

On Thursday, March 27th Annie Adair was arrested at Lorraine, Adams County, Ill., on a charge of having poisoned her husband, who died suddenly last January. The body has been exhumed, and is undergoing chemical analysis.

THERE is danger of serious embarrassment in consequence of delays in distributing mails, by reason of the refusal of some railway companies to furnish the facilities which have been enjoyed in the distribution and delivery during the past nine years.

THE formal promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility is to take place in Wurtemberg on Maunday Thursday. The dogma has been promulgated in Wurtemberg already by Bishop Hefele, but not with the formality desired by the Holy See, an omission which is now to be remedied.

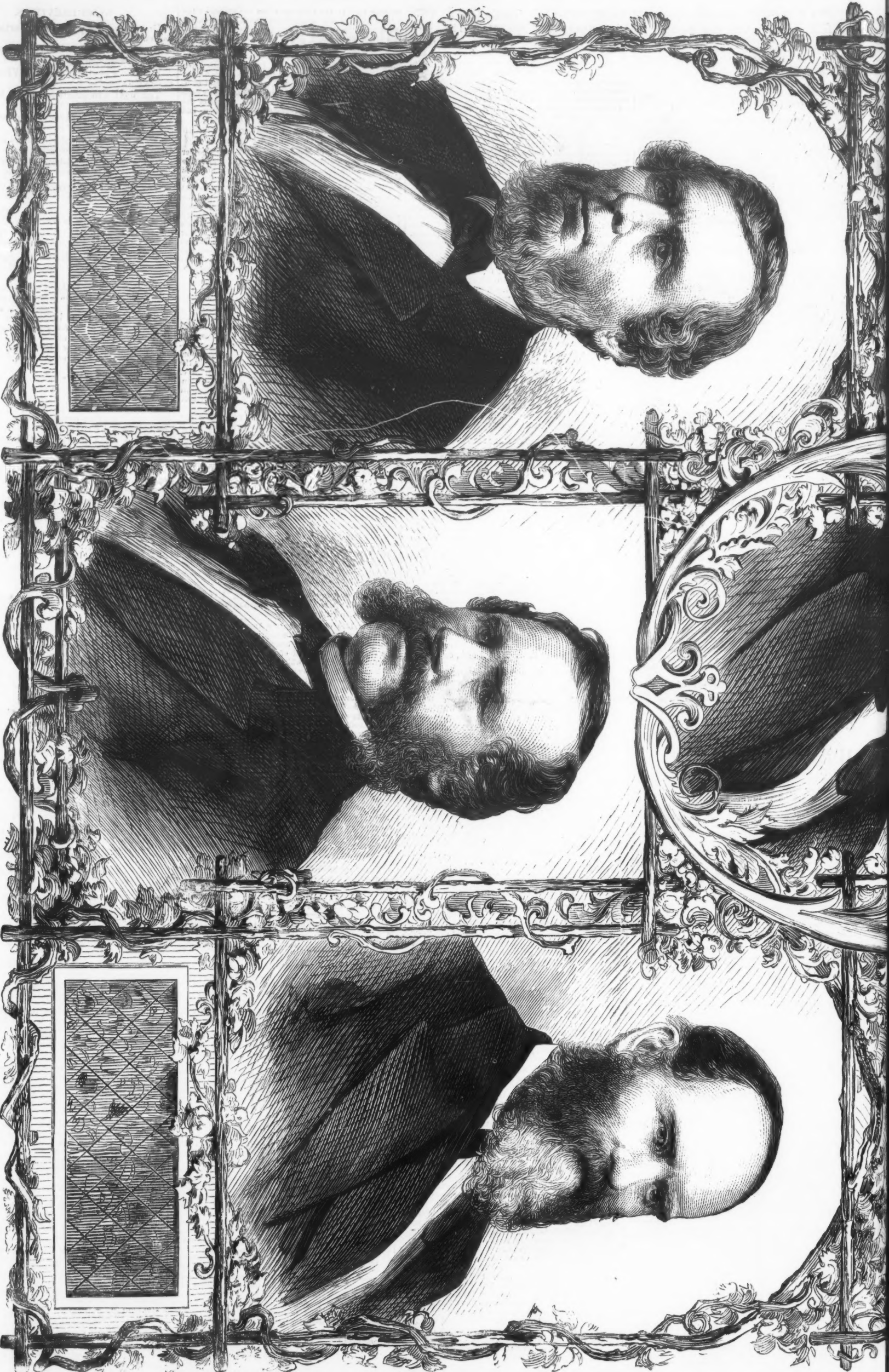
THE estimated receipts from internal revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30th, were \$110,000,000. Already those for this year amount to \$85,282,290, and the receipts for April, May and June are expected to be great enough to more than produce the total estimate for the year.

THE Prussian Minister of the Interior has been beaten in all his suits against the newspapers who published the Papal allocation. Such victories ruin the unfortunate editors, who are despoiled of their property arbitrarily, and then, after weeks of legal discussion, are told to go in peace, the Minister erred in his construction of the law.

THE year 1872 appears to have been an unfortunate year for mercantile failures. In that year there were 4,069 failures in the United States, with liabilities amounting to \$121,066,000, against 2,915 and \$85,252,000 in 1871. In Pennsylvania, last year, there were 445 failures, with \$9,422,000 liabilities, against 357 and \$7,110,000 the previous year.

THE Protestants of South Germany are becoming alarmed at the length to which Bismarck carries his rigorous policy against the Roman Catholics. The defiance of the State authorities by the Roman Catholic bishops of North Germany is considered no justification for the proposed Governmental interference with the internal affairs of churches of all creeds.

THE late James L. Reynolds, of Chicago, left \$10,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association in that city, \$1,000 to the American Bible Society, \$1,000 to the American Tract Society, \$1,000 to the Episcopal Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, \$1,000 to the Philadelphia Episcopal Evangelical Knowledge Society, \$1,000 to the American Sunday-school Union, \$5,000 to the Episcopal American Church Missionary Society, and \$5,000 to the Philadelphia Episcopal Evangelical Education Society.



HON. W. W. BELKNAP, SECRETARY OF WAR.
HON. COLUMBUS DELANO, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

HON. GEORGE M. ROBESON, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.
HON. HAMILTON FISH, SECRETARY OF STATE.
HON. G. A. WILLIAMS, ATTORNEY GENERAL.

THE CABINET.

HON. WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
HON. J. A. J. CRESWELL, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



PIPES AND BEER.

BY
EDGAR FAWCETT.

BEFORE I was famous I used to sit
In a dull old underground room I knew,
And sip cheap beer, and be glad for it,
With a wild Bohemian friend or two.

And, oh, it was joy to loiter thus,
At peace in the heart of the city's stir,
Entombed, while life hurried over us,
In our lazy, bacchanal seclusion.

There was artist George, with the blond Greek head,
And the startling creeds and the loose cravat;
There was splenetic, journalistic Fred,
Of the sharp retort and the shabby hat.

There was dreamy Frank, of the lounging gait,
Who lived on nothing a year or less,
And always meant to be something great,
But only meant, and smoked to excess.

And last, myself, whom their funny sneers
Annoyed no whit, as they laughed and said
I listened to all their grand ideas,
And wrote them out for my daily bread.

The Teuton beer-bibbers came and went
Night after night, and stared, good folk,
At our table, noisy with argument,
And our chronic aureoles of smoke.

And, ah, my life! but we all loved well
The talk, free, fearless, keen, profound,
The rockets of wit that flashed and fell
In that dull old tavern underground.

But there came a change in my days at last,
And Fortune forgot to starve and stint,
And the people chose to admire, aghast,
The book I had eaten dirt to print.

And new friends gathered about me then;
New voices summoned me there and here;
The world went down in my dingy den,
And drew me forth from the pipes and beer.

I took the stamp of my altered lot,
As the sands of the ceruin seasons ran,
And slowly, whether I would or not,
I felt myself growing a gentleman.

But now and then I would break the thrall,
I would yield to a pang of dumb regret,
And steal to join them, and find them all
With the amber wassail near them yet.

Find and join them, and try to seem
A fourth in the old queer, merry three,
With my fame as much of a yearning dream
As my morrow's dinner was wont to be.

But the wit would lag and the mirth would lack,
And the god of jollity hear no call,
And the prosperous broadcloth on my back
Hung over their spirits like a pall.

'Twas not that they failed each one to try
Their warmth of welcome to speak and show;
I should just have risen and said good-by
With a haughty look, had they served me so.

'Twas rather that each would seem instead,
With not one vestige of spleen or pride,
Across a chasm of change to spread
His greeting hands to the further side.

And our gladdest words rang strange and cold,
Like the echo of other long lost words,
And the nights were no more the nights of old
Than Spring would be Spring without the birds.

So they waned, waned, waned, these visits of mine,
Till I married the heiress, ending here;
For if Caste approves the cigars and wine,
She must frown perforce upon pipes and beer.

And now 'tis years since I saw these men,
Years since I knew them living yet;
And of this alone I am sure since then—
That none has gained what he longed to get.

For I keep strict watch on the world of Art,
And George, with his wide, rich-dowered brain,
His fervent fancy, his ardent heart,
Though he greatly toiled, has toiled in vain.

And Fred, for all he may sparkle bright
In caustic column, in pungent quip,
Of a truth must still be hiding his light
Below the bushel of journalism.

And dreamy Frank must be dreaming still,
Lounging through life, if yet alive,
Smoking his vast, preposterous fill,
Lounging, smoking, and striving to strive.

And I, the fourth in that old, queer throng—
Fourth and least, as my soul avows—
I alone have been counted strong,
I alone have the laureled brows.

Well, and what has it all been worth?
May not my thought to my thought confess
That succeeding, here upon earth,
Does not always assume success?

I would cast, and gladly, from this gray head
Its crown, to regain one sweet lost year
With artist George, with splenetic Fred,
With dreamy Frank, with the pipes and beer!

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY

MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Raimon Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—A SUNDAY AT HOME.

INNOCENT had been thrown into the shade by these great events in Nelly's history, and yet she was, notwithstanding, a most important element in the discomfort which began to creep into the house. The very first day after her arrival she had begun her strange career. Brought down-stairs for meals, she would sit very quietly, eating or pretending to eat what was offered to her—and much of what was offered to her was so strange to her that she fared but badly, poor child, until a new habit had begun to form, and the wholesome appetite of youth had driven away her prejudices. She had very little to eat for the first few days, not knowing the looks of things, and hesitating, as the inexperienced always do, to venture upon the unknown. When the meal was over she escaped at once to her own room, her constant occupancy of which became at once a standing grievance of the household, who immediately settled in her mind that this unusual course of procedure was suggested by an ardent desire to spy upon her movements, and to report her imperfections to her mistress. There were countless complaints from this quarter about the impossibility of "cleaning out" Miss Innocent's room, or even of "cleaning out" Miss Ellinor's room, which adjoined, or, in short, of

doing anything whatever under the constant inspection of the stranger's eyes. What with this offense against the housemaid of being constantly in her bedroom, and the offense against the cook of never being satisfied with anything at table, and the offense against Brownlow of paying no attention to his intimations that dinner was ready, Innocent was in bad odor with all the servants except Alice, who stood by her quietly, without any warmer applause, however, than that there was no "harm in the girl." In the higher regions Innocent made a still more puzzling and painful impression. When she could be retained among them she sat dumb in a corner, generally near one of the windows, saying nothing, answering Yes and No to the questions addressed to her by the lively and genial group which she intruded herself amongst like a figure of stone. She would obey when absolutely commanded, but then without the least appearance of entering into the spirit of the directions given her, or wishing to bring herself into accord with her surroundings. She was an alien in her own consciousness, altogether untouched by the distress, the vexation, the bewilderment, caused by her self-isolation. The girl was a worry and vexation to Mrs. Eastwood and Nelly, and she was the cause of much suppressed merriment to Dick, who held that she was sulky, and giving herself airs, and ought to be laughed at. Jenny, as the reader has been informed, looked at the matter in a more philosophical way; but neither nature nor philosophy threw any light upon the darkness, or suggested any way of mending the matter. The strange girl in their midst occupied the ladies (before the moment of Nelly's engagement) perpetually. They took her out, they tried to amuse her, they tried to sympathize with her, they asked countless questions, and elicited many details of her former life, but they never moved her with all their pettings and coaxings to say one word to them, or to stay one moment with them longer than she was compelled.

This was the outside aspect of affairs, as seen by those surrounding her, who were much discouraged in every way by the strange passiveness of the newcomer; but to Innocent herself the world bore a different appearance, as may be supposed. She had been brought up in utter solitude; her father, who cared little for her, and took little notice of her, and Niccolo, who had done everything, were the two sole figures with which she was familiar. Other human forms she had seen going about the streets, gliding round her in a strange dull phantasmagoria, without touching her. Her intellect was feeble, or so partially awakened that she had never yet begun to think of her own position, either present or future, or connection with the rest of humanity. All that life had yet been to her was a window through which she had seen other people, bearing no connection with herself, moving about with mysterious coming and going through a world not realized. She had watched them with a certain dull wonder. Their occupations and their activity surprised without interesting her. Why should they take so much trouble, why keep so constantly in motion? And then the whirlwind had seemed to seize herself, to whirl her through air and space, through a still stranger phantasmagoria—moving pictures of sea and land, and to set her down in the very heart of one of those strange groups of people who were so unlike anything she had ever known, people who clustered together and talked and laughed and had a great deal to do with each other, but among whom she felt as strange as a stray olive-leaf dropped among the cast-off garments of English beech and elm. She could not mix with them. Why could they not let her alone? She had not, as Nelly sometimes supposed, any conventional prepossession in her mind, or feeling that she, the penniless niece and dependent, must be of necessity slighted and kept down, an idea which does take possession of some natures and cause much unreasonable mischief. Such a notion, however, was much too complicated, much too profound for the mind of Innocent. It was not so much that she had a false impression about her relationship with them as that she had no real conception of any relationship at all. She accepted her external surroundings mechanically, without even asking herself what right she had to be an inmate of her aunt's house, or to be cared for as she was. Gratitude was more than impossible to her: she did not know what the word meant. She had never asked to be brought to Mrs. Eastwood's house; it occurred to her in her ignorance that she would rather have staid in Pisa, but it never occurred to her to ask why she could not stay in Pisa—why Niccolo had been sent away, and she brought here. She had never possessed more than a franc or two in her life, and had no idea of the value of money or its necessity. In short, the development of her mind was rather that of six than sixteen. Nothing was formed in her except the striking personality and individuality that shut her up within herself as within a husk, and kept her from mingling with others. This absence of all capability of thought or feeling, this perfect blank and stupefaction of intellect and heart, took away from her all that lively sense of novelty, all that interest in the unknown, which is so strong and so beneficent in youth. She did not ask to understand either the things or persons round her. She had nothing in common with them; they were, it seemed to her, restless, afflicted with a fever of activity, bound by some treadmill necessity to talk, and walk, and move about, and be always doing, of which her frame and mind were totally unconscious. A vague resentment against them—the girl scarcely knew why—for disturbing her with their companionship, and subjecting her to such strange demands for a sympathy which she had not to give, and an affection for which she felt no need, gave a certain reality to the mistiness of her sensations. But that was all; she came among them like a thing dropped out of another sphere, having no business, no pleasure, nothing whatever to do or to learn upon this alien earth.

But there was an exception to this rule. Innocent clung to Frederick as a savage might cling to the one white man who had brought her out of her woods, and from among her people into the strange and beautiful world of civilized life. She knew him, though she knew no one else. Frederick was her revelation, her one discovery out of the darkness which surrounded every other nature. She formed no very close or distinct estimate of him, but at least she was conscious of another existence which affected her own, and upon which she was to some degree dependent. When Mrs. Eastwood found her lurking in the hall, in the cold and darkness, waiting for Frederick, an immediate and full-grown love tale glimmered before the unfortunate mother's eyes, filling her with dismay. But Innocent's thoughts had taken no such form. She was as unconscious of love as of any other passion, and had as little idea of anything to follow as a baby. It was, however, her only point of human interest, the sole thing which drew her out of herself. When Frederick was present she had eyes only for him. When he told her to do anything, she made an effort to bring her mind to bear upon it, and somehow took in what he said. The moment when he came home was the moment to which she looked forward the whole day through. Could she have been with Frederick alone she would have been

happy; or would he even have permitted her to sit close to him, or hold his hand, while the bewildering conversation of the others—conversation which they expected her to join in and understand—was going on around, Innocent would have been more able to bear it. This, however, he had privately explained to her could not be.

"When we are alone I do not mind," he said, with a condescension which suited his natural temper, "but when we are with the others, it makes you ridiculous, Innocent; and they laugh at both you and me."

"Why should they laugh?" asked the girl.

"Because it is absurd," he said, frowning. "I cannot allow you to make me a laughing-stock. Of course, as I tell you, I don't mind so much when we are alone."

And he stroked her hair with a caressing kindness which was at that time about the best sentiment in the young man's mind. He was often embarrassed by her, and sometimes had asked himself the question, What on earth was it to come to?—for he, too, like his mother, believed that Innocent was in love with him; and the love of such a girl, so manifested, was more absurd than gratifying. But yet he was always kind to her. Evil impulses enough, of one kind and another, were in his mind, and he could have made of this girl anything he pleased, his slave, the servant of his will in any way.

"You must not shrink so from my mother and Nelly," he said. "They want to be kind to you. If you could only take to them, it would be much better for you than taking to a fellow like me—"

"I don't like women," said Innocent. "My father always said so. And nobody is like you."

"That is very pleasant for me," said Frederick; "but you must not keep up that notion about women. Your father was a capital judge, I have no doubt, but he might have taught you something more useful. Depend upon it, you will never be happy till you make friends with your own sex. It is far your best policy to make the women your friends."

"What is policy?" she asked, stealing her hand into his, much as a dog puts his nose into his master's hand.

"Pshaw!" said Frederick. His mother had come into the room, and had seen this pantomime. "You ought to be put to school and learn English," he added, somewhat roughly. "I don't believe she understands half of what we say."

"Indeed, I should not be sorry to think so," said Mrs. Eastwood, not without severity in her tone. But the severity was lost upon Innocent. She understood that she was now to withdraw from him, and do her best to appear indifferent. It was a Sunday afternoon, rainy and miserable—and a rainy Sunday afternoon, when English domestic virtue shuts up all its ordinary occupations, is, it must be allowed, a dreary moment.

Mrs. Eastwood called Frederick close to her, and she addressed him in an undertone. Innocent had gone away, and placed herself in a chair close by the window. She had not even "taken a book"—the impossibility of making her ever "take a book" was one of the miseries of the house. She was gazing blankly out upon the rain, upon the trees that shivered and seemed to ask for shelter, and the beds, where a draggled line of closed-up crocuses were leaning their bosoms upon the mud. Her beautiful profile was outlined distinctly against the pale gray dreary light. It was a beautiful profile always, more beautiful than the full face, which wanted life. Mrs. Eastwood looked with a mixture of pity, sympathy, and disapproval at this apathetic, immovable being, so self-absorbed, and yet so childish and pitiful in her self-absorption. She drew Frederick to her, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Frederick, look there," she said in a low tone; "if you were not in the room Innocent would rush off up-stairs. She stays only for you. I saw you just now with her as I came in. For God's sake take care what you are about. You are turning that child's head."

"Bah! nonsense," said Frederick, freeing himself with a complacent smile.

"It is not nonsense. She has neither eyes nor ears but for you."

"Is that my fault?" said Frederick, making a motion as if to break away.

"I do not say it is your fault. Stop and hear what I have to say. It was very good of you, no doubt, to be so kind to her on the journey, to gain her confidence—"

"Your words are very nice, mother," said Frederick, "but your tone implies that it was anything but good of me, as if I had gained her confidence with an evil intention—"

"Frederick! how dare you put such a suggestion into my lips? If I were to answer you as you deserve, I should say that only a guilty mind could have thought of such a thing, or thought that I could think of it," cried Mrs. Eastwood, becoming involved in expression as she lost her temper. This heat on both sides was entirely to be attributed to the Sunday afternoon. On arriving so near the brink of the quarrel as this, Mrs. Eastwood paused.

"Sunday is not a day for quarrelling," she said, and heaven knows I have no wish to quarrel with any one, much less my own boy; but Frederick, dear, you must let me warn you. She is not much more than a child—"

"She is an utter child—and a fool besides," said Frederick, throwing the female creature overboard at once, as a sacrifice to the waves, according to the wont of man.

"I would not say that," said Mrs. Eastwood, doubtfully. "She is a very strange girl, but I do not like to think she is a fool; and as for being a child—a child of sixteen is very near a woman—and my dear, without meaning it, without thinking of it, you might do a great deal of harm. If she was one to speak out and say what she is thinking, like my Nelly—"

"Nelly! Well, to do her justice, she is very different from Nelly," said Frederick, with that natural depreciation of his sister which is also usual enough, and which was largely increased by Sunday-afternoonishness.

"No; indeed, she is not like Nelly, more's the pity," said Mrs. Eastwood, fortunately not detecting the injurious tone. "She is so shut up in herself, that you can never tell what may be going on within her. I am sure you don't mean it, Frederick, but sometimes I think, for Innocent's own sake, it would be better if you were not quite so kind."

"You are too mysterious for me to follow," said Frederick. "What ideas? If you will be a little more plain in your definition—"

She was his mother, and thought she knew a great deal more than he did about life; but she blushed as red as a girl at this half-contemptuous question.

"Frederick, you know very well what I mean," she said, quickly, "and I hope you will not try to make me sorry that I have appealed to you at all. You may make Innocent more fond of you than will be good for her, poor child, and that can produce nothing but unhappiness."

"Whip her," said Frederick, with a little scornful laugh; and he walked off to the library, where Dick was pretending to read, and really teaching Winks, who had been having a *mauvais quart*

d'humeur, and whose patience was so utterly exhausted, that nothing but his regard for the family could have kept him from snapping. Winks made his escape when the door was opened, and rushed to the drawing-room, where nobody was allowed to insult his intellect by tricks.

CHAPTER XVI.—INNOCENT'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

INNOCENT had remained quite unconscious that she was the subject of this conversation. She was still a little in doubt even of the words of a dialogue carried on by others. The quickness of utterance which strikes every one when hearing an unaccustomed language, the half-completed phrases, the words half said, confused her mind, which was not equal to such a strain, and her want of interest in the matter limited her comprehension ten-fold more. She sat with her profile marked out against the light, the line of the curtains falling just beyond her, the garden furnishing a vague background, until some time after Frederick had left the room. She had scarcely moved while she sat there; there was nothing to look at, nothing to occupy her, but that did not matter to Innocent. When Frederick was gone she, too, moved a little, and after a few minutes stole out and up-stairs like a ghost. She went to her room, stealing through Nelly's, where her cousin was occupied about some of the little legitimate Sunday employments which a good English girl may permit herself on a rainy Sunday. Nelly made some little friendly observation, but Innocent glided past, and closed the door upon her. I do not know how long she had been alone, shut up in the little room, when Nelly knocked at the door. During the short time since Innocent's arrival Nelly had gone through a great many different states of mind respecting her. She had been eager, she had been sympathetic, she had been sorry, she had been angry, and then she had recommenced and been sympathetic, sorry, and indignant again. The only thing Nelly could not do, though she advised her mother with great fervor to do it, was to let the stranger alone.

"Leave her to herself, mamma," Nelly said with precocious wisdom, "let us have patience, and by-and-by she will see that we mean her nothing but good, and she will come to herself."

This was admirable advice, if Nelly herself could only have taken it. But she could not; a dangerous softness would come over her at the very height of her resolution. She would say to herself, "Poor Innocent, how lonely she must be!" and would go again and commit herself, and endeavor in another and yet another way to melt the unmeltable. On this Sunday she had begun the day very strongly in the mind that it was best to leave Innocent alone; but the sight of the pale girl gliding past, escaping to her solitude, shutting herself up alone, was too much for Nelly. The soft-hearted creature resisted her impulse as long as possible, and then she gave in. Surely this time there must be an opening somehow to the shut-up heart. She knocked softly at the closed door, which, indeed, Innocent had almost closed upon her. "May I come in?" she said softly. It was not easy to make out the answer which came reluctantly from within; but Nelly interpreted it to mean consent. She went in and sat down by the fire, and began to talk. It was before her engagement, and she had not that one unfailing subject to excite Innocent's interest upon, if that were possible; but she chattered as only a well-conditioned, good-hearted girl can do, trying to draw the other from her own thoughts. Then she proposed suddenly an examination of the house.

"You have never been over the house, Innocent; come, there is no harm in doing that on Sunday. There is a whole floor of attics over this, and the funniest hiding-places; and there are some curiosities, which, if we only could find room for them, are well worth seeing. Are you fond of china, or pictures? Tell me what you like most."

"No," said Innocent, "nothing."

"Oh, that is just because you don't know. China is my delight. If I had my way I would cram the drawing-room; but mamma is no true connoisseur; she likes only what is pretty. Come along, and I will show you the house."

Innocent rose, more to avoid controversy than from any interest in the house. Nelly showed her a great many interesting things in the attics. She neither knew their value nor saw their beauty. She answered Nelly's questions with Yes or No, and vaguely longed to get away again. To do what?—nothing. Once, and only once, she was moved a little. It was when Nelly introduced her into the old school-room, a bare room, with a sloping roof, and two windows, looking away over the elms to the suburban road some distance off, which led into London, and showed moving specks of figures, carriages and people, diminished by the distance, over the bare tops of the trees. There were neither curtains nor carpets in this bare place. It was cold and deserted, apart from the other rooms, up a little staircase by itself. Innocent gave a cry of something like pleasure when she went in. "I like this room," she said, and it was about the first unsuggested observation she had made since her arrival. "May I come and live here?"

"Here! far away from us all?" cried Nelly, "with no furniture, no pictures, nothing to make you cheerful! It would seem like banishment to put you here. You do not mean to say you like this bare little place?"

"Yes," said the girl, "I can breathe here. I can see out of the windows; and I should not trouble anybody. I like this best."

"Innocent, you must not talk of troubling anybody. All that troubles us is when we think you are not happy."

"I should be happy here," she said, wistfully, sitting down on the ledge of the window, which was low, and turning her gaze to the distant road.

"Oh, Innocent!" said Nelly, half inclined to cry in her disappointment; "if you knew how much I wished to make your room pretty, how I worked at it, and how anxious mamma and I were to make it look like home to you! You don't really mean that you would like to get away from mamma and me?"

To this appeal Innocent made no immediate answer. She looked far away over the tree-tops, and watched the omnibuses, crawling like flies along the road. Then she said slowly, as if to herself, "I like this best."

"Oh, you cold-hearted, unkind thing!" cried impetuous Nelly, growing red and angry. "You deserve to have nobody care for you; you deserve to be kept by yourself, to be allowed to do whatever you please, never to be minded or thought of. You deserve—to be shaken!" said Nelly, with all the heat of sudden passion.

Innocent turned round and looked at her, vaguely wondering: though she did not comprehend the gentler emotions, she knew what it was to be scolded. Her father and Niccolo had both scolded her, and the sound was familiar. Perhaps, it might even have penetrated her apathy, and roused some sort of life in her, had not poor Nelly been snitten by instant compunction, and gone down metaphorically on her knees to expiate her fault.

"Oh, what a wretch I am," cried Nelly, "to lose patience with you like this, you poor, lonely child. I did not mean to be disagreeable, Innocent. For-

give me, won't you?" she said, taking the girl's hand. Innocent let it drop as soon as she could extricate her fingers. She was moved only to wonder. Kelly seemed to her to be always laughing or crying, always demanding sympathy, requiring to be responded to, asking answers which by no strain of her nature could Innocent give.

"Oh, don't!" she said, as her cousin put her arms round her and pleaded for pardon. Poor Nelly, transported with anger and repulsed kindness, had nearly blazed up again, but fortunately restrained herself, looking with a kind of dismay at the other's composure, which, indeed, was a little disturbed by confused amazement, but nothing more.

"You are a very strange girl," she said, drawing away with a feeling of offense which had never before surmounted her friendliness and pity; "but if you will keep us all at arm's length, I suppose you must be allowed to do it. If you wish for it very much, mamma, I am sure, will let you have this room."

"I could sleep there," said Innocent, pointing to a hard little settee, which Nelly knew was far from luxurious.

"Oh, you need not be afraid. I shall take care that you are comfortable," said indignant Nelly, and she went away down-stairs with dignity, to lay the case before her mother. "You know the way back to your own room?" she said, pausing at the door. "As it is Sunday, we cannot make the change to-day." Innocent heard, and gazed at her, but made no answer. She did not know how she had offended her cousin; neither, it is true, did she care; but yet a certain surprise awoke in her mind. Why was Nelly angry? What was there to make any one angry? She had no consciousness of the home affections, no need of them, no perception of their sweetness. Whether there might not be in her capacity for a great love was yet unproved; but she had no affections. Such a condition of nature is not so rare, perhaps, as we think. There are both men and women who can love with passion the lover or the mistress, the husband or the wife; but who remain through all the warmth of that one possibility cold as death to all other affections. The decorous guise of ordinary life prevents visible natures from making themselves fully visible in many cases. But Innocent was like a savage; she was unaware of the necessity of those gentle pretenses and veils of apparent feeling which hold civilized life together. Therefore, she shined openly, and, so to speak, innocently, against the softer natural sentiments which are general to humanity, yet did not exist in her own bosom. She knew nothing about them, and she had never been taught to feign a virtue which she did not possess.

She sat in her newly found refuge till she was thoroughly chilled with cold, and gazing from the window she found out an object which exercised some influence upon her afterward, and got her into some immediate trouble. This was a little chapel in the distant road, which some freak of her imagination connected with the little church of the Spina which she had been in the habit of frequenting in Pisa in so strange and passive a way. This particular little chapel was ornamented in front with some stucco pinnacles and tabernacle-work, which caught at a stray corner of Innocent's memory. She had been taken to church that very morning, to a church utterly unlike Santa Maria della Spina—a huge place, with pews and galleries full of people, where she had looked on at a service of which she had very little knowledge, and listened to a sermon which she never attempted to understand. A longing for her old haunt came upon her as she saw the place which seemed to recall it to her mind. If she could but get there, it seemed to her that part of her old life—with which she had never been dissatisfied—would come back.

The little chapel possessed her not with any idea of improvement or knowledge to be gained, but only as a possible means of drawing back to her a scrap of the past. Innocent had a consciousness that were she to rush out immediately to find this place, she would be stopped and "scolded," or perhaps locked in, and prevented for ever from gratifying her wish, so she resisted her impulse to go at once.

The dreary afternoon by this time was over, and the dressing-bell sounded its welcome summons through the house. Frederick was dining out, so that there was nothing to detain her in the drawing-room during the evening. She stole up to her room as soon as dinner was over, and, taking her old velvet cloak from her trunk, and the old black hat which she had worn in Pisa, stole very carefully down-stairs, and out into the darkness.

By a maze of muddy turnings, which she took aright by mere luck, and without making any note of them for guidance on her return, she managed to make her way to the chapel. It was resounding with the clangor of a hymn, chanted at the top of their voices by the young men and young women who form, in all places and in all churches, the majority of the evening worshippers. The sight of the place inside startled Innocent still more. The quaint darkness of her little Italian church, the silent people kneeling and sitting here and there, the priest proceeding with his uncomprehended mystery at the altar, the glimmer of the tapers, the odor of the incense, were strangely replaced by the glare of light, the clangor of the hymn, the people packed close in their pews, who stared at the lonely girl as she entered.

The chapel was very full; but Innocent, whose instinct led her to the dark corners, found a refuge in a dim pew close to the door, underneath the little gallery, where, after a while, a grim old pew-opener with a black bonnet, came and sat beside her. Innocent went through her own little simple formula; she knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer; and then she seated herself and gazed toward the pulpit which stood in place of the altar. I do not know whether the sermon that followed would of itself have attracted her attention any more than the more regular and decorous one which she had heard in the morning. But while poor Innocent sat looking rather than listening, and began to think of repeating her prayer and going away again, the old woman at her side uttered a groan which chilled the very blood in her veins.

The preacher was one famous in the Wesleyan connection, whose appearance prepared his audience for excitement, and, as he went on, exclamations grew louder and louder. Innocent, who had no understanding of this proceeding at all, who could not make out even the words of those cries which rose around her, was first startled into fright, and then frozen into physical terror.

The old woman by her side was pale and haggard, with long teeth and large jaws. She groaned at regular intervals, so regular that Innocent got to be prepared for them, though they made her jump each time they sounded on her ear. When she had become sick with very fear, there came a lull in the proceedings; a hymn was sung, and part of the congregation went out. Innocent made an anxious effort to go too, but the old woman stood immovable between her and the door, and the girl watched with agony the last figures retiring, and an evident movement to begin again taking place.

"Let me go! let me go!" she cried in her terror. The old woman clutched her shoulder with long, lean fingers, which looked like claws to the girl's excited fancy. She approached her face to Inno-

cent's ear, and hoarsely whispered something which she did not understand. Innocent did not know what might be the next step. It seemed to her that other people were approaching her, and that she saw the gleam of knives, an idea which was natural enough to her Italian breeding. She uttered one loud shriek, and springing over into the pew in front, rushed out of the chapel, pushing down some one in her passage. It seemed to her that she heard steps pursuing as she flew madly along the dimly lighted road. She had taken the turn toward London in her bewilderment, and, by the time she lost breath and was obliged to stop, had come to the verge of a greater thoroughfare, crowded and noisy. No one had come after her, though she had thought she heard steps resounding close behind. She stopped short, panting for breath, and, leaning against a wall, looked round her in dismay up at the dark sky, and down at the muddy road, and along the long line of dim lamps and passing figures, all strange and without help for her.

When the full sense of her helplessness, her loneliness, her desolation, burst upon her, she crouched down upon the pavement, close to the wall, and burst into tears.

"Niccolo! Niccolo!" she cried, with a wail of childish despair. Another girl in such circumstances would have called upon God or her mother; but Innocent knew nothing of her mother, and very little of God. The only being who had always been helpful to her was Niccolo. She called upon him with a bitter cry of helplessness. Niccolo in Pisa—how could he come to her? What could he do for her?

But other help—less tender, less sure than Niccolo's—was approaching slowly to her along the crowded way.

(To be continued.)

MAD DOGS.

"THE bark," says *All The Year Round*, "which is peculiar to madness is the symptom most easily recognized by unprofessional persons. That bark has lost its usual strength; its tone is mournful; it is hollow, stifled, degenerating into three or four half-uttered howls, producing a plaintive and singular effect on the ear. The first symptoms of canine madness are a sullenness of temper and an involuntary restlessness which manifests itself by a continual change of position. Instead of being snappish or aggressive, the dog tries to hide himself. During this first period he does not always refuse his food or his drink."

"Soon, however, he begins to loathe both. Then comes on an irresistible desire to bite; to gratify which he tears, crushes with his teeth, and swallows all sorts of things which are useless as food. A young dog certainly will tear things for fun, but he will not swallow them, whereas post-mortem examinations of mad dogs show their stomachs to be full of sticks, straw, wool, stones, and other indigestible substances. Consequently every dog past puppyhood, who cannot be prevented from dragging about and destroying the carpets and cushions in the house, ought immediately to be placed under strict surveillance. The same precaution should be taken with dogs who show themselves unusually aggressive toward other animals of the same species. Indeed, a symptom of madness not to be neglected is the impression made on the mad dog by the dog in good health. Immediately the sick animal perceives the healthy one, a fit of rage is the consequence. At Alford, this very test is had recourse to in doubtful cases. When the patient is shown another dog, if truly mad he does his utmost to get at him, and if allowed to do so, bites him furiously."

"Curiously enough all animals of whatever species, when suffering under canine madness, are similarly affected by the presence of a dog. All are equally irritated, and manifest the same desire to attack the dog; the horse with his feet and teeth; the ram and the bull with their horns; even the sheep, gone mad, butts at the dog. Still more curiously, the anger of the ailing animal seems especially directed against the species of animal by which the disease was communicated to it. For instance, a horse inoculated at Alford from a mad sheep, contracted the disease in its most exaggerated form, since he tore the skin of his own forelegs off with his teeth. But when a sheep was put before him, he was immediately seized with a paroxysm of rage, and the poor creature in no time was bitten to death."

"The tendency of human patients to bite has been imagined, or enormously exaggerated. There is no case of the disease having been communicated from one human being to another. The friends of a sufferer may therefore fearlessly and charitably nurse him, without employing any greater precaution, or any more violent or barbarous means, than the strait-waistcoat during the crises. His mind requires support and calming, as much as his body. Moral remedies are most efficacious; indeed, material remedies, it may be believed, derive much of their influence from their moral effect. Every effort should be made to divert the patient's attention from the fixed idea which masters him. Even superstitious fancies have rendered good service."

POMPEII.—Pompeii was not completely buried by a single eruption. Eight successive layers have been traced above its ruins. In the intervals the inhabitants must have returned to secure their more valuable property. Sir William Gell mentions that the skeleton of a Pompeian was found, "who, apparently for the sake of sixty coins, a small plate, and a sauceman of silver, had remained in his house till the street was already half filled with volcanic matter." The position of the skeleton indicated that he had perished apparently in the act of escaping from his window. Other incidents of like character are no less striking. The skeletons of the Roman sentries were found, in more than one instance, at their posts, furnishing a remarkable proof of the stern military discipline of Imperial Rome. The skeleton of a priest was found in one of the rooms of the Temple of Isis. Near his remains lay an ax, with which he had been trying to break through the door.

THE GEYSERS.—The geysers, or boiling springs, are situated in the south-west division of Iceland. About one hundred of them play within a circle of two miles. These rise in a thick bed of lava, derived probably from Hecla, a volcano whose summit can be seen from them at the distance of some thirty miles. It rises out of a spacious basin which surrounds a vent or a well. The basin consists of a mound which has been formed around this well by siliceous or flinty matter which has fallen from the spray of the water, and which has settled as a circular incrustation. The diameter of the whole basin is fifty-six feet in one way, and forty-six in another. In the centre of the basin is the well, shaft, or pipe, which goes down seventy-eight feet deep, and which is from eight to ten feet in diameter. At intervals this basin is quite empty, but usually it is filled with water that boils as if in a kettle on the fire.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A REMARKABLE anniversary was celebrated at Berlin on March 30th, namely, the fiftieth anniversary of Field-Marshal Wrangel's promotion to the rank of General. Count Wrangel got his lieutenantancy on October 15th, 1798, and is still an active officer of the army.

In the debate on the Irish University Bill in the British Parliament, Mr. Myles O'Reilly had made a very effective attack on the Queen's University, declaring that Mr. Heron, one of the Galway lecturers on law, having asked of the porter, on arriving by train from Dublin, "Is my class ready?" was answered, "No, your honor, he's gone home sick."

The Direction of the Vienna Police lately proceeded to take an estimate of the number of lodgings disposable in that city, with a view to the Universal Exhibition. Within the radius traversed there appear to be 3,120 houses available for that purpose, containing 8,979 rooms, and 3,498 cabinets, with 18,278 beds. In that number rooms in hotels are not included.

SUNDAY, March 9th, was the anniversary of the death of Mazzini, and the democrats at Rome designed to commemorate the day by placing a laurel wreath on Mazzini's bust in the Hall of the Illustrious. Although the Syndic had granted permission for this demonstration, the police refused to allow the deputation to enter the building. High words were exchanged, and eventually military aid had to be called in to prevent a disturbance. The event caused strong excitement in the political clubs.

FROM the London correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian*, we learn that a very fine collection of old books is to be sold in the course of the present season. It has been valued at something like £40,000, and includes rare illuminated manuscripts, large paper county histories and other gems that will excite covetous desires in the heart of many a collector. Among them is a matchless copy, printed on vellum, of the *Mazarin Bible*, the first edition of the Scriptures, and supposed to be the first book issued from the press of Gutenberg, printed with movable type. With several other Bibles of great rarity is Coverdale's English translation, printed in 1535, a copy of which, with the title and first leaf in *fac simile*, was sold by auction twenty years ago for £365. Then comes a splendid manuscript of Lydgate's "Siege of Troy," the very copy which the poet handed to his royal patron King Henry V. There are innumerable works from the presses of Caxton, Pynson, and Wynkyn de Worde. The collection was formed at the beginning of the present century by Mr. Henry Perkins, whose descendant, Mr. Algernon Perkins, having lately died, the books are to be sold, and oddly enough, on the premises.

THE last publication of the British death-rate and its causes is curious reading. One man died from the bite of a cat; and two more from the bites respectively of a ferret and an adder. Another was stung to death by bees. A man and a boy died of falling from velocipedes, and an old lady was killed by injuries inflicted by that agreeable machine. The swallowing of a shell, a screw, and a cherry-stone put a period to the lives of three infants, while two died of putting one a stone, the other a bead, into the ear. Swallowing bones sent three people out of the world, swallowing coins finished two, and swallowing a pin quickly pricked on grim death for one. A scratch from a thorn killed a woman, of middle age; improper medicine poisoned eight people, and improper food five. Four hundred and forty-four young children were smothered by bed-clothes; and 930 persons during the year lost their lives in railway accidents. The proportion of suicides to every million of the population is about seventy—the deaths by hanging, the knife and drowning being most numerous. Heart disease the year's record shows to be increasing—a state of things which is said by eminent physicians to be caused by the greater wear and tear of business and the increased mental activity of the age.

ENGLAND seems determined not to be outdone by us in the production of female fiends. While the London Press was moralizing over the confession of Mrs. Sherman, the Connecticut Borgia, who poisoned a succession of husbands and children either from a benevolent desire of bettering their condition, or because she felt "discouraged," England has produced an enterprising female who far surpasses Mrs. Sherman both in the number of her victims and the sordidness of her motives. Mary Anne Cotton was on March 7th convicted in London of murdering by poison one child, Charles Edward Cotton, and is more than suspected of having successfully performed the same benevolent act for precisely a score of others. The unappreciative British Press, however, fails to respect the motives of this disciple of Euthanasia, and even insinuates that the vulgar idea of obtaining certain burial fees or benefits from insurance societies had some possible connection with the deeds attributed to her. Like Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Cotton married four husbands, only one of whom seems to have suspected her. The parallel ceases here. The British Court, lacking that high sentiment which characterizes our Connecticut neighbors, has rewarded this latest philanthropist by sentencing her to death, a sentence which by this time has probably been carried out.

ALTHOUGH British Premiers may be lampooned and caricatured with impunity by the Press, they may not be made ridiculous by being introduced in ludicrous attitudes upon the British stage. The Lord Chamberlain has lately prohibited the performance of parts of the play of "The Happy Land" at the Court Theatre. The manager of that theatre, recognizing the taste of the public for political caricature, and the dislike of the London stall-buying public for Mr. Gladstone's Government, procured a burlesque of Mr. Gilbert's poem, "The Wicked World," now acting at the Haymarket, and called it "The Happy Land." In this burlesque, certain mortals, translated to supermundane regions, offer the furies all the blessings of popular government, elect incompetent officials on account of their incompetence, and realize generally "Blackwood's" conception of the behavior of a Whig Ministry. To make the situation more droll and attractive, three of the actors were got up as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Ayrton; each uttered some characteristic refrain—Mr. Lowe's, for example, being "Here a save, and there a save, and everywhere a save"—and all danced among half-clothed fairies a farcical break-down dance. They made fools of themselves, in fact, as ludicrously as they could. The audience were enraptured, every seat was filled, the piece promised a splendid run, and Lord Sydney interfered. His official reason for prohibiting the play was that much of the dialogue had been added since the Reader of Plays sanctioned the copy, but, of course, his real reason was that three Ministers were caricatured and "belittled" on the stage. What a pity it is that we have not a Lord Chamberlain at Washington!

THE Hon. James Dixon, United States Senator from 1857 to 1869, died at his residence in Hartford, Conn., recently, aged 65 years. He had been in feeble health for some months, being afflicted with disease of the heart.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MISS FAITHFULL leaves for England on the 5th instant.

THE ex-Prince Imperial is going to the Vienna Exhibition.

KING OSCAR of Norway is to be crowned at Drontheim on July 18th.

GEORGIA people want to have a national regatta on the Savannah River.

THE class boat-races at Harvard College will take place Saturday, May 31st.

PICKPOCKETS are unprecedentedly active and successful in Chicago just now.

THE Duke of Edinburgh played the violin in a London orchestra with success.

THE same man has swept the sidewalks in front of the White House for 27 years.

It is said that Dickens cleared \$225,000 in gold during his last visit to America.

A CHILD's parents in Pennsylvania have named it Parepa Nilson Kellogg Bush.

THE new King of the Sandwich Islands is coming to America with General Scofield.

THE Marquis of Ripon has been re-elected Grand Master of the English Freemasons.

THE "Last of the Mohicans," Leonore Unkas, died recently, at Willimantic, Conn.

THE King and Queen of Greece have visited the U.S.S. *Shenandoah*, at the Piræus.

THE Welsh miners lost, it is said, nearly \$6,000,000 by their late unsuccessful strike.

THE legal weight of a bushel of corn has been reduced, in Iowa, from 70 to 68 pounds.

AN International Patent Rights Congress will be held in Vienna during the Exposition.

It is estimated that over \$50,000,000 have been loaned on Chicago property since the fire.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, who has been an active Delaware pilot ever since 1800, has just died, at the age of 84.

THE Sultan has presented the ruins of the Christian church at Abuzosh, near Jaffa, to the French Government.

ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY will officiate at the consecration of Bishop Corrigan, in the Newark Cathedral, on May 4th.

BISHOP PURCELL, of Cincinnati, has issued a decree forbidding Roman Catholics to become members of trades-unions.

A LARGE building has been completed on the camp-meeting ground, at Sing-Sing, which will be run as a temperance hotel.

"BULL RUN" RUSSELL is to accompany the Russian force to Khiva, at the special request, it is said, of the Russian Government.

It is said that pigeons can be nurtured to the fatness and delicacy of ortolans, by feeding them with wheat steeped in cod liver oil.

THERE is no truth in the rumor that Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows intends to leave his pulpit for that of an orthodox denomination.

A FRENCH professor of theology named Sabatier, has been expelled from Alsace for speaking disrespectfully of the women of Germany.

THE Grand Council of Geneva has definitely adopted the law decreeing that the Catholic curies of the Canton shall be elected by the people.

THE Emperor and Empress of Germany dined recently at Lord Odo Russell's. Such a distinction has never before been conferred on a foreign diplomatist.

THE British inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada disdain the title of "Canadians," which they contemptuously apply to their fellow-subjects of French descent.

AS MANY as thirty brokers and operators in Wall Street are ex-journalists, having been at different times connected with the *Metropolitan Press* in various capacities.

TRINITY COLLEGE boys have already organized three boating-crews for this Spring. It is understood that the Faculty will pay for a trainer, to fit them for entering the National Regatta.

THE poet Alessandro Manzoni completed his 88th year on March 8th, having been born in 1786. He is in good health, and is engaged every day on his History of the French Revolution.

GENERAL VON MOLTKE thinks German successes in the late war "must be attributed in many respects to the fact that the French made more numerous and grosser mistakes than ourselves."

PERE HYACINTHE has been preaching in Switzerland lately to Catholics, who, he says, are "resolved not to abdicate the faith of their fathers either into the hands of Ultramontanians or Infidels."

SIR CHARLES DICK, Bart., 70 years old, is the door-attendant of a picture gallery in Brighton, England. The Government of that country owes him £47,000, part of a sum loaned Charles I., by the old gentleman's ancestor, Sir William.

THE Vienna Exhibition Commissioners have adjusted their difference with the German artist exhibitors, who complained of their own postponement to their French rivals, by obtaining the missing space by arrangement from the Austrian artists, so that now France and Germany start even as regards room.

MGR. MERMILLOD, the exiled prelate of Geneva, says: "My conviction is that Europe is going back along the road of ages, and that we are returning to the wars of religion. The next outbreak will be a religious or a social war. There are now but two currents in Europe."

A PENNSYLVANIA woman, who leaped upward to hang an article of clothing upon a hook in the ceiling of her kitchen, caught a ring on one of her fingers in the hook, and hung there, her feet not touching the floor. Her cries brought assistance, and she was released, painfully wrrenched, but not seriously harmed.

THE people of Copenhagen have a way of removing snow from the streets which seems at once practical and expeditious. The town authorities give a small sum of money to owners of horses and wagons, as a sort of retaining fee, for which they are bound, immediately after any fall of snow, to send their horses and wagons, and cart it away at so much per day. It is dumped into the river, or upon the ice, if the river is frozen. So well does the plan work, that a six-inch fall of snow is often removed within a day and a half.

MAJOR W. W. LELAND, known to thousands as among the great hotel men of the Nineteenth Century, has leased the Grand Hotel, just completed, and fronting Congress Park—one of the best locations at Saratoga Springs. This hotel is furnished with all modern improvements, such as electric bells, gas, running water and clothes-presses in every room—features which will be popular with ladies, especially. With its many conveniences, the Grand Hotel must take a front rank among the hotels of the country. The *attachés* will be the same that the major employed at the Union. The house will be opened for guests on the 1st of June, and arrangements are already made for accommodations.

MAPLE SUGAR.

It may surprise a majority of our readers to be told that the little State of Vermont manufactures more sugar than any other State of the Union, with the exception of Louisiana. Further, that the product of maple sugar every Spring has a direct influence on the market throughout the country. As we have said, Vermont leads the van with a manufacture of nearly nine million pounds in 1871. New York, which in 1860 was in advance, comes next, with about seven million pounds. Then, New Hampshire and Ohio, about two millions each. Pennsylvania follows, with her million and a half pounds, and Indiana with three-quarters of a million. Other States represent small proportions. But the aggregate of maple sugar made in the country in 1871 amounted to twenty-five million pounds, besides four hundred thousand gallons of syrup or molasses.

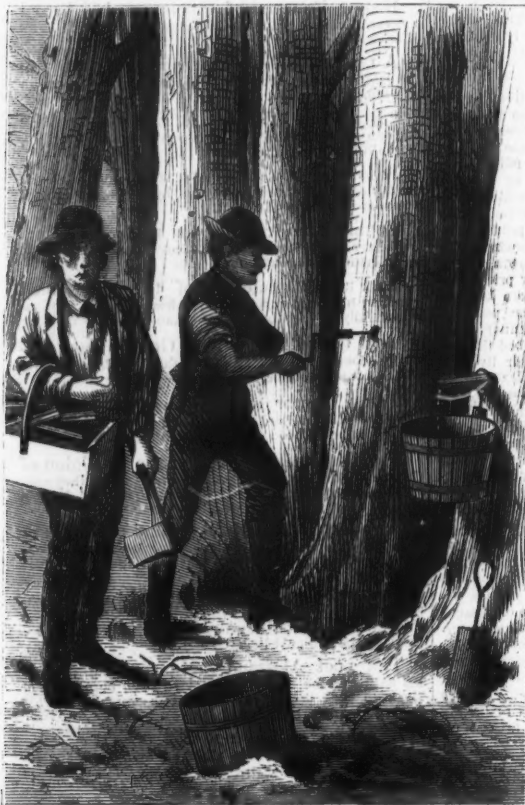
There are more than twenty varieties of the maple over the world. That from which sugar is made abounds in our Northern forests, and is called, Rock, or Sugar Maple. Those who have only seen it as an ornamental tree along the roadside, or in hand-some grounds, with its beautiful-shaped top and rich affluence of foliage, can have very



BOILING THE SYRUP.

THE JESUITS
AND
TYRANNICIDE.

IN these times, when the exigencies of present discussions are leading men to rake up the embers and revive the bitterness of past controversies, more than one attempt has been made to draw forth from its resting-place a weapon of offense which was once used with unsparing hand, and with no small effect, against the Society of Jesus. The charge of teaching the lawfulness of tyrannicide, and encouraging it in practice, has again been dragged to light, and a certain prominence has been given to the accusation in the columns of some of the principal organs of public opinion, and has of course found its way from them to the pages of the minor vassals of that queen of the world. The object of this paper is to examine the historical position of the society with reference to the question. Any lengthened discussion of its intrinsic merits may well be considered out of place and uncalled for. First, then, it will clear our path to state precisely what was the doctrine of those Jesuits, and their number was comparatively small, on whose account so large a measure of opprobrium has been showered on the whole body. Those who are ac-



TAPPING THE TREES.

facturers, however, indulge in a well-constructed work of brick within a sugar-house, rude in its proportions, but calculated to "turn rain." There is a great difference in seasons for maple sugar. The best "sap day" is when it freezes moderately hard at night, and the sun comes out warm by day. The sap does not run well in windy or wet weather. There is also great difference in trees of the same size. "That is a good tree," "That is a poor tree," are common expressions with the boys.

Our illustrations depict scenes in maple sugar manufacturing on A. R. Meade's farm, a mile outside of West Rutland, Vermont. They were recently witnessed by our artist, at the opening of this season. The first in order is "Tapping the Trees." This is done with an auger and sap-spile, as just described, and on it is hung by means of a wire the bucket into which the sap drips. A man with a sleigh or cart and tub then goes round to each of the trees so tapped, and empties the buckets. The tub being filled, he carries it to the sugar-house, where the sap is poured into an iron kettle and boiled, as seen in our engraving. In the "Leather Apron" picture is shown the manner of testing the condition of the maple syrup. If, when a ladleful is taken and poured slowly back into the kettle, the falling syrup forms a sheet similar in hue and general appearance to a leather apron, it is fit to be strained. This last process, which is effected by means of towels or cloths, is the subject of the lower woodcut.

When a certain quantity of this syrup has accumulated, we have the "sugaring off." This process is repeated twice or thrice in the season, according to the "run" of sap, and is one of the events of the neighborhood. To be invited to a "sugaring off" is a substantial compliment. A pleasant party of young people of both sexes assemble to witness the grand *dénouement*—to wit, the "graining of the sugar." It requires a good deal of judgment not to "overdo" or "underdo." At last the boiling substance is poured into forms, the sugar hardens, and the syrup is drained off. While this goes on, the young people, who are furnished with hot biscuits, crackers, plain bread, and doughnuts, with the sweetest of butter, *ad libitum*, have the free run of the camp, and regale themselves with sweets in every state, from the thinnest of syrup to the same commodity in a granulated condition—all very hot. Indeed, that is the charm of the feast. No one who has enjoyed the maple liquid blazing from the kettle, with biscuit and butter and tender doughnuts, can ever lose the luscious remembrance.

Maple syrup is used almost entirely as an accompaniment to puddings, hot cakes, etc., etc. A large amount of the sugar is run in small forms, and sold as a candy, but a great deal finds its way to the refinery. It ranks next to the product of the cane in purity, being far superior to beet sugar.

When the season is over, the buckets, spiles, and the various *at ceteras* are collected and carefully housed. The holes in the trees are filled with plugs cut from the small branches, on the principle, we suppose, that a hair of the same dog will cure the bite, and in two or three years scarcely a scar remains.



THE LEATHER APRON.

little idea of the majestic, towering monarch shooting upward straight as a pine, and without a branch for over fifty feet, in the "forest primeval."

The maple is found principally in company with the birch and oak, and when these are cut down it leaves the "sugar orchard" in all its glory; certainly one of the most beautiful sights in Nature. Our earliest settlers made haste to take advantage of this native product. In a quaint letter from a Pilgrim to his friends in Holland holding out inducements for their emigration to this country, it is stated, "There are many maple trees, from which we get sappe, and bile downe into sugar, which is goodde for the wellle and sicke."

The process of making sugar from the maple is very simple indeed. There is none of the intricacy of manufacture and of scientific appliances so important in the making of sugar from the cane, which requires the highest chemical talent. In fact, the process has undergone from the first little comparative change. Originally, a "slash" was cut in the tree with an ax, which penetrated a little further than the bark, and a piece of shingle driven into it. This was a successful way of obtaining sap, but it was found to wound the tree unnecessarily. It was abandoned, and the present "spile" adopted. This is made from the elder, where it can be found, or from pine, with a gimlet-hole bored through the head of the spile, which is driven firmly into the tree. The tree is bored with a 3/4 inch auger, about two feet from the ground, which penetrates the wood not more than half an inch. The sap was originally caught in troughs or "dug-outs," holding six or eight quarts, but these were found to be very "uncertain" on a warm day, as the snow foundation was apt to melt, and in consequence the trough would upset. The bucket is now in very general use, although we have also the three-square iron pan and the patent evaporator, which evaporates and condenses the sap. In the smaller sugar orchards the primitive way of "boiling down" continues, with the forked stakes driven in the ground, on which rests a stout pole supporting an immense iron kettle for boiling the sap. The larger manu-



STRAINING THE SUGAR.

quainted with the passages in the writings of the Jesuit theologians who have either treated fully or more briefly touched on the question, cannot fail to see at a glance that these writers distinguish tyrants into two classes. There is the *tyrannus usurpationis* or *tyrannus in titulo*, and the *tyrannus regiminis* or *administrationis*. The first of these is the tyrant properly so called, the usurper, whose title is radically defective, and who in consequence can have no claim or right to the obedience of those upon whose necks he attempts to plant his foot. Any power that he may by fraud or force have acquired is simply illegitimate. The second is one whose title to authority is just and legitimate, but whose abuse of power has reached such an excess as to become intolerable to his subjects. The first is a public robber, who invades the liberties and imperils the stability of the State, who aspires to the throne of a lawful ruler, or who revolts against legitimate government for the purpose of enslaving his country. The second has a right to reign and to govern, but he exercises his right in such a way, whether by direct contraventions of the divine law, or by oppressive social measures, as to tend by his acts rather to the ruin of the commonwealth than to its preservation and well-being, as he is bound to do by the obligations of his office.

According to the Jesuit theologians, this distinction is a very essential one, and affects materially the attitude of a nation in respect of one who tyrannizes over it. When they consider the question of the nature of the action that may be allowed to a nation, and every member of it, in respect to a tyrant in the full sense of the word—one, that is, who attempts violently and unjustly to possess himself of the supreme power—they declare that a people under such circumstances is at full liberty to employ all measures of active resistance as long as the usurpation lasts. Such an invader of the rights of the nation is a public enemy, and the State can order or permit every citizen to defend his country; nay, in virtue of such public authorization, always presumed, at least in such a case,

VERMONT.—A MAPLE SUGAR ORCHARD—COLLECTING THE SYRUP FROM THE TAPPED TREES.—DRAWN BY JOSEPH BECKER.



every individual citizen has a right to remove the usurper and deliver his country, even by putting him to death if no other means should be left. *tyrannus alter tolli non possit.* Such an act, however terrible, is neither high treason nor regicide, for the tyrant who is the victim of it is absolutely without rights of sovereignty or authority over those whose oppression and enslavement he is trying to bring about. We are, of course, simply stating, as historians, the doctrines of these writers. — *The Month.*

VAILED.

AT old Egyptian festivals, we are told,
Was aye a guest,
Who through the fest sat rigid, silent, cold;
Whom no one prest
To share the banquet, yet who still remained
Till the last song was sung, the last cup drained.
The cup, the song, the jest, and laugh went round,
No cheek turned pale,
No guest amazed did query e'er propound,
Or lift the veil
To learn the wherefore one alone sat mute,
With whom nor host, nor friend, exchanged salute.
Usance and rose-crowned drapery did all;
That thing of bone,
That hideous skeleton in festive hall,
Evoked no groan;
No thrill of horror checked the flow of mirth,
Unseen, unfelt that grisly type of earth.
But did the host return when all were gone,
The lights put out,
The unseen presence of that nameless one
Might put to rout
All the gay fancies born of wine and song,
And speechless dread the fleeting night prolong.
At every hearth, in every human heart
There sits such guest,
We may not, cannot bid it thence depart,
Even at the best,
We can but crown with roses, veil and drape;
The thing exists, though we conceal its shape.
We shroud our skeletons from public gaze,
And from our own;
Ignore their presence with life's lamps ablaze,
Till left alone
With festal fragments, wine-stains, lights gone dim,
We feel them with us, icy, bloodless, grim.
Our nerves would quiver to unveil the bones
Of the dead past;
We look them in our hearts, with sighs and moans,
To keep them fast;
'Tis but in solitude we turn the key,
And dare to look upon them as they be.

CHINESE PECULIARITIES.

TO the London *Daily News* its Shanghai correspondent has contributed a long and interesting article under the above heading. The writer says: "One of the great complaints made here by the Europeans is that the Chinese will not allow of the introduction of railways nor telegraphs. There are steamers here, but they only enter what are called 'open ports'; on the rivers where there are no open ports no steam vessel is allowed to come. This is one of the great grievances against the Chinese Government."

"China possesses a wonderful network of rivers and canals, and through these channels of communication a great variety of craft are navigated; much is done by the sail, but more still by the tracking rope, the 'yuloo,' or oar, and the pole by which the boat is pushed along; that is, the motive power is muscular action of men's bodies—exactly what Mr. Rusklin prays for in England. Robert Owen and other social reformers have advocated spade cultivation. The plow is used in this country, but it is by the hand that the soil has been brought into the condition of a garden; one of its titles is 'The Flowery Land.'"

"I have visited some of the villages around Shanghai. Cotton is one of the productions of this region, and as it is winter time, the people are at work indoors, and the women principally are busy at all the various processes by which cotton is made into cloth. In any village hereabouts they may be found at work spinning it, spinning, winding and weaving it. The interior does not suggest ideas of comfort—that is, looking at it from our notion of what comfort is, but the inmates seem happy enough. They seem well fed and well clothed; their winter garments are all padded with the cotton in its unspun state; the children, particularly the very little ones, seem so padded to keep the cold out that they are as broad as they are long. The spinning-wheel is driven by both feet, and spins three threads at once. The loom is small and weaves a web not above twenty-four inches wide. There is usually a table arranged as an altar, containing the household gods, with vessels before them for lights and incense, and on the walls are colored pictures of protective deities. The whole has quite a medieval look."

"The writer is of opinion that 'if the countries of Europe, including America, go on producing machines, be they spirits of hell or agents from a better place, it will be a moral impossibility for a country like China to resist them. The literati, mandarins, or governing classes here, may put every obstacle in the way, but in the end it will be as nothing. If the machines do not come in to-day, they will find admission to-morrow. There are plenty of steamers now on Chinese waters, although limited to certain ports, and wherever the people can travel in them, they prefer them to their own junks."

"At Shanghai here, there is a very large establishment, producing, by machinery, Remington breech-loading rifles. They have finished one very fine wooden steam-screw frigate, and another is on the stocks. Two small iron gunboats with twin screws are making for the Peiho. Lihungchang, the Governor of Pechili, is the guiding spirit of all this. The establishment is rapidly extending, and building is at present going on to contain machinery. There is an arsenal for the manufacture of cannon, with shot and shell, at Nanking. There is a gunpowder factory at Tientsin. At Fod-chow there is another arsenal; and one at Canton."

"It needs no prophet to tell the end of all this. The civilization of the West has power in it; ethnologists would also put it, that the Aryan is a higher form of human development than the Turanian; and the civilization of the former, be it for good or ill, must carry the day."

RAPID TRAVELING ON THE GREAT ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

AN examination of the nine great railways which terminate in London shows that the average rate of speed at which the quickest expresses travel

is forty-seven and three-quarter miles an hour. Two lines only excel this. The ten o'clock Northern train from London to Peterborough runs the distance of seventy-six miles and a quarter at the rate of fifty-one miles an hour. But the broad-gauge west of England trains on the Great Western beat even the Great Northern. A train makes the run from Paddington to Swindon, seventy-seven and a quarter miles, without stopping, in three minutes less than an hour and a half; this is a uniform pace of fifty-three and a quarter miles an hour! The Great Northern falls off its pace after it passes Peterborough, and travels from Grantham to York at under forty-five miles an hour. The Great Western falls off a little from Swindon to Bath. But the journey from London to Bath by the 11:45 train is the quickest in the world. The distance is one hundred and six and three-quarter miles; it is timed for two hours and thirteen minutes, including ten minutes at Swindon. The running time is, therefore, something over fifty-two miles an hour. The fastest time anywhere on the Great Eastern is forty-one miles an hour. The London *Daily News* gives many other figures comparing the speed of different roads, instancing some trains that run as slow as thirty-three and a half miles an hour. The Great Eastern is the slowest, and the Great Western the quickest of the railways.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain?—Wholesome.

AN Irish lover remarked that "it's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweet-heart is wid' ye!"

A CYNICAL lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very hard to get rid of.

A NEW Texas paper announces its position, thus: "In religion we are conservative, and we intend to adhere to the cash system."

A HARD-WORKING clergyman suggests that church-pews should be put on pivots, so that persons in front may examine the toilets on the back seats.

EDITING a newspaper is very much like raking the fire—every one thinks he can perform the operation better than the man who holds the poker.

"Don't worry yourself about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder." "Of somebody else," added the darling.

A POPULAR preacher thinks that hell is within 20 miles of the earth's surface in the latitude of Kentucky, and his congregation have resolved not to do any more subsoil plowing.

A FEMALE lecturer in Boston said: "Get married, young man, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the girls to become angels. You would look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you brute!"

PRIMEVAL MATRIMONY.—The marriage ceremony among the bushmen of Australia is very simple, and don't cost a cent. The man selects his lady-love, knocks her down with a club, and drags her to his camp.

CANADA wants a name for a newly discovered island in one of its unpronounceable lakes, which is said by trappers to swarm with beavers enough to supply the fur-trade for all time. We would suggest Castor Isle as a smooth-sounding title.

A CONNECTICUT woman was recently bereft of the faculty of speech by being hit with a snowball, and many married men in that part of the country have been heard to remark that, after all, winter has advantages not afforded by any other season.

AN ABSURD REQUIREMENT.—A shoemaker with one eye complained that one of his lamps did not burn. One of his shopmates, who is a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with astonishment exclaimed: "Faith, and what do you want with two lamps? Ye haven't but one eye."

A GENTLEMAN praising the charms of a very plain woman before a sarcastic friend, the latter whispered him: "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the gentleman. "Every right, by the law of nations, as the first discoverer!"

BROKEN ENGLISH.—Madame De—— having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in English—in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was she married in?" "Broken English, I suppose," answered Frere.

"I SHOULD like," said a French medical charlatan, "to place over the door of my surgery an inscription, either in Latin or Greek, borrowed from one of the great authors." "Give Italian the preference," remarked one of his patients; "nothing can equal that verse of Dante's, 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.'"

A SCOTCH lad at school went up with a drawing of Venice, which he had just finished, to show it to the master. Observing that he had printed the name under it with two "n's" ("Venice"), the master said, "Don't you know that there's only one 'n' in 'Venice'?" "Only one 'n' in Venice!" exclaimed young Sandy, with astonishment; "I'm thinking they'll no hae mony eggs, then."

ASTONISHING.—The progress made by the Wilson Underfeed Sewing Machine. Inventive skill has been taxed to its utmost, and the result is the most perfect and desirable machine for general and family use yet produced. It is simple and easy to operate, is not liable to get out of repair, its work is the best, as was shown by the first premiums awarded it at the Northern Ohio Fair, and it is sold at a less price than any other machine of its rank. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

MRS. ADELIA DIONNE, dressmaker, of Troy, N. Y., paid an installment of twenty dollars on a sewing machine of inferior make, but finding it unsuited to her business, she forfeited the money and purchased a Grover & Baker Lock-Stitch Machine. She is now perfectly satisfied, and advises all dressmakers to buy the Grover & Baker.

It is important for families to know where they can rely on Pure Chemicals and Fresh Drugs, as the value of a medicine depends as much upon these qualities as the skill of the physician. These can be obtained at Weck's Pharmacy, 1,200 Broadway, cor. of Twenty-ninth Street. They have also an excellent collection of Toilet requisites.

If your hair is coming out or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural color, and therewith your good looks and good-nature.

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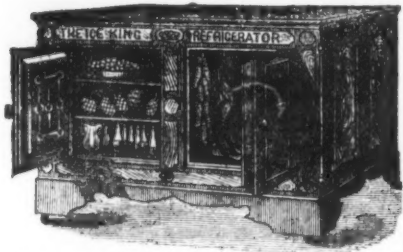
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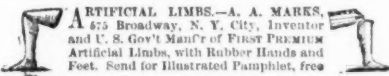
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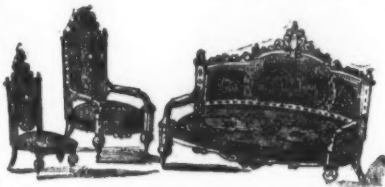
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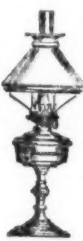
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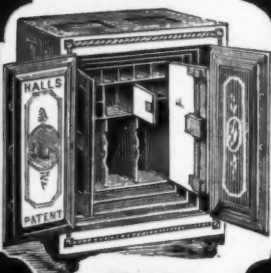
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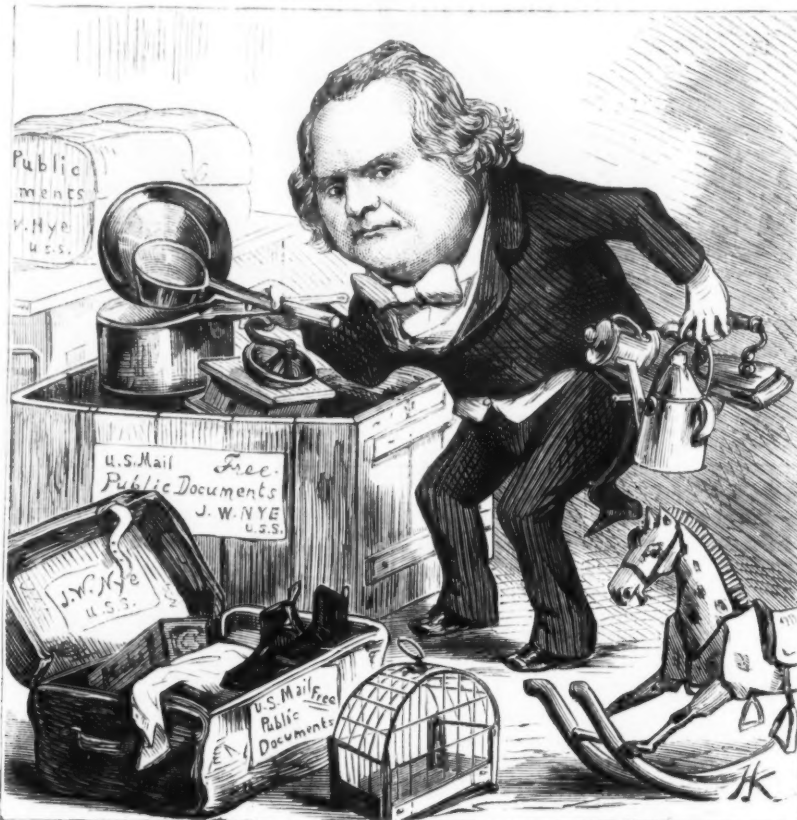
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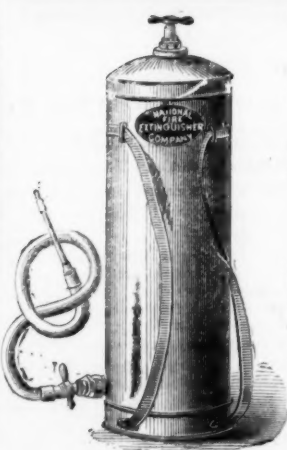
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